

CALLING ALL GIRLS

JULY 1946 10¢



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MOVIES • GOOD LOOKS • THINGS TO DO



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... one of

653 Exciting Prizes

you have a chance to win

—including lovely, hard-to-get nylon hosiery

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1946 model Ford convertible station wagon. Immediate delivery!



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Beautiful Bulova wrist watch



Next 150 Prizes

One pair of lovely, hard-to-get nylon hosiery



Next 500 Prizes

Stadium Girl gift box containing large-size plastic compact and lipstick



... in this easy Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest



It may become *yours* — this honey of a convertible! Sounds colossal, doesn't it!

You have a chance to win it—or any one of 653 worthwhile prizes—in the Stadium Girl Lipstick Contest. Just complete this statement in 25 words or less: "I like Stadium Girl Lipstick in the easy push-up plastic container, because..."

That's easy, isn't it! Especially when all you have to do is to write about the favorite lipstick of many beauty-wise girls. Stadium Girl, you

know, is the popular lipstick that comes in six of the season's smartest, most flattering shades.

You can enter this contest as many times as you like. But include with each entry the card on which you get the 25¢-size Stadium Girl Lipstick.

Get your Stadium Girl Lipstick today at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. Or, if your dealer can't supply you, order by coupon below. Read the contest rules. Then make with the words that may win you a simply super prize!

Read these contest rules:

- Write or neatly print your contest entry on sheet of paper containing your name and address.
- Mail entry, together with card on which Stadium Girl Lipstick comes attached, to Campus Sales Co., Dept. 776, 411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.
- Entries to be judged on originality, uniqueness, and aptness by independent judges. Decisions final. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made. No entries returned.
- Contest open to all persons except employees of the Campus Sales Company, their advertising agency, and their families.
- All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Sept. 15, 1946. Prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
- Enter as many times as you wish.

-----[Tear out coupon and mail today]-----

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 776
411 E. Mason Street
Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing 35¢ (in Canada 50¢) which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

No
C.O.D.'s
please

My choice of
lipstick shade is:

- ☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
- ☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
- ☐ Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (med. dk.)
- ☐ Ruby (dark)
- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

WANT TO BE A PIN-UP GIRL?

● She's pin-up girl material, all right —this Karen Gaylord. A gorgeous redhead. "Miss Minnesota" in a former Atlantic City beauty contest. New York model. Now a Goldwyn Girl! She's lucky in looks. "But," says Karen, "I take good care of my looks. How?"

"Lots of sleep—for instance. Eight hours or more a night. Exercise, too. It makes for bloom in your complexion and does nice things to your figure. Personally I go in for skating, swimming and dancing."

"What and when you eat is important. You need three good meals a day, at regular times. My favorite at breakfast (and I do like breakfast) is a huge bowl of Wheaties with milk and fruit. I started eating Wheaties years ago, and still like them."

"These whole wheat flakes are delicious. And I find they help give me a satisfied feeling. In the movies, we girls have to watch our weight and if breakfast leaves us hungry, we're apt to overeat at lunch."

Why don't you take a pin-up girl's advice—try Wheaties at breakfast tomorrow?

General Mills, Inc.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.



*Karen Gaylord
Goldwyn Girl*

CALLING ALL GIRLS

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FROM YOU to US



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Even though we can't answer all your letters, we give thoughtful consideration to every one of them. When you write us, address your letters to Editorial Department, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Benle, Meenle . . .

I think it's a good idea to find out what the readers think. It makes us feel that CALLING ALL GIRLS is our magazine.

M. W., Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

"From You to Us" is very dull, very unsatisfactory. There's nothing to make it lively. What's the use of showing what some people think of CAG? Keep it to yourself. We're not interested.

S. P., West New York, N. J.

More 'n' More

I am a boy seventeen years old, and I am writing to tell you how much I like CAG. If more girls followed more of the tips more often on how to act in public, everyone would be more happy.

J. K., Star City, Saskatchewan, Can.

Patience, please

In the April issue, L. M. of Skowhegan, Me., says she buys a copy of CAG at the newsstands if it's out before she receives her subscription copy. I think that's selfish. What about the kids who don't have subscriptions?

P. T., Drexel Hill, Pa.

Whatta gal!

I hope that when I'm married and have children, CAG will still be going strong, so that they may be as happy with it as I am.

L. P., Saginaw, Mich.

We like suggestions

I like your magazine very much, especially the "Jabberwocky and Jive," and the first thing I turn to is the continued stories. The only thing I don't like about the magazine is that it's not long enough!

I do wish that CALLING ALL GIRLS would have a series of articles about girls of foreign nations. I think this would be very (Continued on page 64)

LINES on a SMART COAT

So lovely to look at was Kaaren.....



So warm when the weather was mean.....



Her coat was ALPENA by WARREN.....

The styling was by DEBUTEEN.....



Kaaren was wise to the label

That read WARREN QUALITY FLEECE;

From her nearest and dearest friend, Mabel,

She learned it meant "masterpiece."

In addition to warmth, was the matter

Of owning a coat that looked keen;

When it came to fulfilling the latter.

Kaaren cleverly chose DEBUTEEN.

GIRLS SIZES—7 to 14 • TEENS 10 to 16

DEBUTEEN COAT CO., 520 Eighth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.



They're New!

HALLMARK "Solid Senders"

Greeting cards on the teen beam
—from Walt Disney's latest hit

Strictly sand-sational—these new Hallmark Greeting Cards in Coke Set lingol Designed in the typical style of Walt Disney, happy pappy of your pet cartoons. There are Solid Senders for every occasion. Cards to say "happy birthday"... "sorry you're sick"... or just plain "hi"... the way you want to say H. Neat? Natch! See these Hallmark clickers. You'll find Hallmark Solid Senders at America's finest stores.



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HALLMARK "Solid Senders"-for the coke set

TUNE IN HALLMARK READER'S DIGEST • RADIO EDITION! HOLLYWOOD STARS—EVERY SUNDAY—C. B. 2, 2 P.M., E. B. 5.T.

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STEWIE! Come back here!" Betty Campbell spoke sharply, and the startled, hurt look on her little brother's face as he laboriously waded back to the shallow water made her feel ashamed.

"Brothers. Bothers!" Betty muttered, settling back on the sand again.

Her left side was cooked by the hot sun, and Betty reflected unhappily that she'd look oddly one-sided by evening. But only from this position could she watch over three-year-old Stewie and still keep an eye on the raft out in the middle of the lake.

Watching the raft made about as much sense as rubbing sand into sunburn, Betty thought moodily as she ignored Stewie for a minute to take a good look at the trio who were making the raft rock wildly. If it weren't for Stewie, she could be out there with her brother Sandy, Wendy Bennett, and—John Demetrius. Even Betty's thoughts stumbled over his name. Instead, she had to sit helplessly by and watch Wendy appropriate John.

Suddenly the raft almost stood on end, and Wendy Bennett in her brightly striped, two-piece bathing suit was spilled into the lake. Betty grinned with pleasure, but she scowled almost immediately because Wendy had somehow managed to transform the spill into a graceful dive.

"Stewie! Will you come back here?" Betty lunged into the lake to rescue Stewie who was floundering in water up to his nose.

"Betty cross. Mean old Betty," Stewie wailed.

Betty set him firmly on his feet in the shallow water. "Here, play



Betty bent her head down over the kettle. Then she asked, "Does he ever say anything about me?"

VACATION STRATEGY

In a crisis, Betty could always count on her brother. But this summer it looked as if Sandy had deserted to the enemy

By HELEN CLANCIMINO



with your sautoit," she commanded, trying to make her voice gentle.

"Don't want the sautoit." Stewie's chin was stubborn. "I want Sandy."

"Well, he doesn't want you. He's too busy having fun out on the raft with . . ." Betty spluttered as a spray of silt water hit her and she stopped to confront Sandy.

Stewie cowered with delight and Sandy practically crumpled in him. "What's the matter, fellow? Is Betty picking on you?" He swung Stewie up on his slapping shoulders and scowled at Betty.

"Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?"

"Why don't you take care of Stewie once in a while instead of behaving like a goose out on the raft?" Betty flared.

"Don't you ever say anything nice?" Sandy grumbled disgruntledly. "Come on, Stew, let's go tie on the lead bag."

"Giddyap, horse," Stewie shouted gleefully from his perch on his brother's shoulders, and Sandy obediently pranced across the sand toward the cottage.

Betty followed reluctantly, throwing a last wistful glance out to the raft. Even from this distance she imagined she could see the water glistening on John's Indian-brown arms and legs, see the black curls that he tried to discipline with a growl out. Now Wendy had him all to herself. Wendy, Betty decided, was like the water lilies at the far end of the lake—lovely on the surface and treacherous underneath with their long stems waiting to trap the unwary swimmer. And Wendy had no small brother to cramp her style.

Later, as she was helping Mother prepare dinner, Betty felt ashamed again. Stewie was a lamb really, especially in the blue bit that matched his eyes exactly, and with the yellow cowlick combed into a curl. And Sandy was being as nice as he used to be, feeding Stewie before the rest of them ate, and making such a game of it that Stewie's pally colored dish emptied faster than it ever did for Betty. By the time dinner was over

and she and Sandy were doing the dishes, while Mother put Stewie to bed, Betty felt kinder toward Sandy than she had in months.

"That was a neat back dive you did this afternoon," she complimented him.

"Boy, John is teaching me some good tricks." Sandy's voice was warm with enthusiasm.

Betty tried to sound matter-of-fact. "You spend a lot of time with John."

Sandy looked at her sharply, but Betty was carefully pouring boiling water over the soapy dishes stacked in the rack.

"What do you talk about?" Betty probed, setting her teeth against the rasping noise the steel wool made as she scrubbed the kettle.

"Not girls, if that's what you mean." Her brother was still watching her, and then he added, his voice elaborately casual, "Come to think of it, John did say that Wendy Bennett looked like something that ought to be in the movies."

Betty bent her head over the kettle to hide the hurt flush that spread over her face. "Does he ever say anything about me?" It was almost a direct appeal. Surely Sandy wouldn't let her down!

"Listen, I can tell you anything you want to know about yourself."

"Oh, you! Why, you're a year younger than I and you're only my brother. I want to know what John Demetrius says," Betty exploded impatiently.

"All right. He wanted to know where you got that bathing suit," Sandy jeered.

The kettle clattered to the floor. Betty fumbled for it blindly, through tears. The darned old schoolboy bathing suit. Mother insisted that for the lake the one-piece wool suit was practical—but it was about as comphic as Stewie's play overalls.

"You're as slow at drying as Wendy is at tennis," Betty snapped.

"If you washed them right, I wouldn't have to dry what you mean. Furthermore, wait until the tournament (Continued on page 41)

Sandy was still sitting in the same place, and in spite of his slump, was watching her with interest.

de Martini



Cornel Wilde

No coaching, please—as if you
need it!—on why the teen-age cheering
section is making it a

WILDE TRIUMPH

By ANN THORNE

IT doesn't matter now, of course, when Cornel Wilde has just about everything anyone could ask for. But back in those pre-Hollywood days—yes, and even after he reached the movie capital but didn't get the breaks—there were plenty of times when he must have wished he'd stuck to his original idea of being a doctor! At least he might have contributed to science by discovering a quick and easy cure for a very bad case of stage fever!

But the stage bug was out to get him, and it didn't mind waiting while he spent three years in medical school, toured Europe, took up art in Budapest, and became one of the finest fencers in the United States. And then one night, just like *that*, the bug struck. Cornel went to visit an actor friend, got interested in a stock company, and tossed his Columbia University medical scholarship out the window! Within a week the company folded, and Cornel was just another actor looking for a job.

That was only the beginning. He was in and out of so many acting jobs on and off Broadway in the next few years, it wasn't funny. But fortunately, Cornel had bounce. And when one play folded, he found another to act in, or wrote a play himself, or turned out art work for an advertising agency, or worked in a summer camp as boys' counselor, or put on a fencing act in a swank New York night club. It was that fancy fencing of his that won him the role of Tybalt when Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh (*Continued on page 64*)



Above—Cornel studies the script on the set of "Centennial Summer," his latest picture for 20th Century-Fox. He's co-starred with Jeanne Crain in a practically all-star cast. The musical score for the picture is the late Jerome Kern's last work.

Below, left—Cornel looks as if he meant business with that rapier, but his wife, Patricia Knight, isn't at all worried. Cornel learned fencing from the Hungarian masters, and Pat learned from him. Besides, even at rapier-points, the Wildes are still as much in love as on the day they dashed to Maryland to get married.

Below—The Wildes pose with their French poodle, Punch, at their Beverly Hills home. It's one of the fourteen houses they've inhabited in the last five years, but this one they chose for its spacious grounds—ideal for daughter Wendy, aged three.





say it with

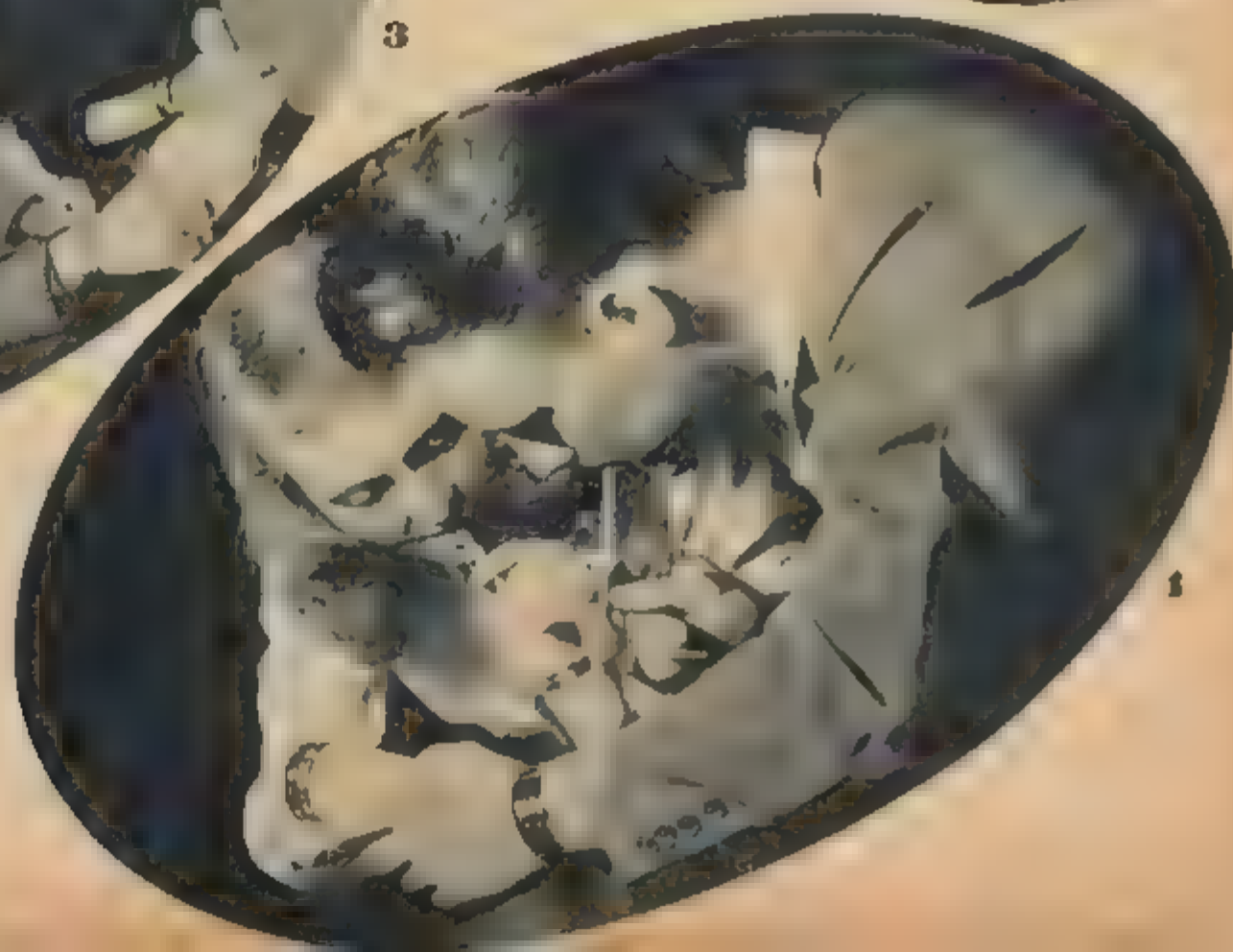
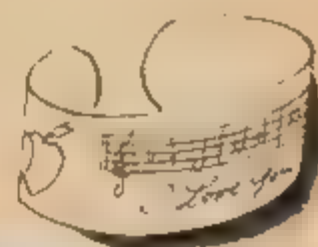
Jewelry
By **NANCY PEPPER**, Fashion Editor

Know how to tell a Love Story without words? Sure you do, if you're a teen. You tell it with Jewelry. With the aid of CALLING ALL GIRLS Club members in four Midwestern cities, we learned how to detect such vital statistics as whether or not you were going steady, how many boys you dated, and who has asked whom to the prom. 'S easy, once you know how!

1. Every one of Mary Lou Bischoff's Friendship Links represents a different boy she's dated. Fred Bruhn adds another scalp to her belt—we mean, link to her wrist. They're Milwaukee, Wis., high-schoolers.
2. When you see one of Her earrings on His lapel, you know they're Swingin' on a Star. It's Claranne Frank and Bob Dunlop of Chicago. Tiny twin earrings are by Jordan; so are Claranne's charms.
3. Doris Thompson of Chicago can't keep her mind off her books. If she rates as one of Norval Stephen's favorite dates, her initials should be on one of his Friendship Links.
4. All the Madison, Wis., high-schoolers know that Bob Johnson has asked Romana Zach to the prom because they're wearing matching "I Love You Truly" bracelets with each other's initials.



3



1



*Photographed at Official Headquarters
 Stores: Gimbel's, Milwaukee; Herpolzheimer's,
 Grand Rapids; The Fair, Chicago; and Mun-
 chester's, Madison. Jewelry from Teen Gadgerias.*

say it with

Jewelry

1. He's got Trudy Vornberger's number, because he sees it on her Telephone Tag bracelet. From Milwaukee. 2. Joyce

Van Abhenor, Grand Rapids, Mich., plays the field. Her Hi-Sign pin indicates her attitude about this going-steady business. 3. Jackie Stafford, Madison, Wis., thinks there's safety in numbers. So she wears "Tom, Dick and Harry" jewelry and makes Triple Threat dates with Andy Divine, Bill Mann, and Bob Johnson. 4. Marilyn Fletcher, Chicago, wears Paul Rizzo's picture on her heart

locket and adds a new heart dog tag bracelet to her collection. Linguistic "I Love You" heart by Lampel, and Coro's heart tags. 5. Bob Knopf and Frances Freeman, Milwaukee, wear each other's class rings on their I. D.'s 6. Barbara Hines, Grand Rapids, has I. D. ideas. Ballet-shoe clips, anklet, and bracelet all make good reading. His ring dangles from her anklet. Werthley's ballet clips, Benedikt's bracelet.

More fashions on pages 38, 59, and 60



5



6

"Connie, just look at this!" A delicate chain with a gold band at the end of it, dangled from Peg's hand.

ISN'T this the most romantic looking place?" Connie Martin pushed open the round attic window and curled up in an armchair by it. "I hope the boys have as comfortable a spot to park in."

"Impossible." Peggy Stone lay sprawled out on the old-fashioned, four-poster bed opposite Connie. She rolled over on her stomach. "Say, Connie," she said slowly, "did you notice anything peculiar about the way Elizabeth Parker acted at dinner tonight?"

Connie's blue eyes twinkled. "You're getting as bad as I am, Peg. You see a mystery around every corner."

Peggy was indignant. "Well, she *was* peculiar. She didn't say



a word, and she didn't eat a thing, and she looked as if she were going to cry any minute."

"You're right, Peg, now that I think of it." Connie twisted a lock of her red hair. "I guess she was just depressed about something."

"Yeah." Peggy lapsed into silence.

Absent-mindedly, she ran her hand up one of the bedposts. Her fingers curled around the knob. It was loose and she turned it slowly, thinking about Elizabeth and wondering what the next two weeks held in store for her and Connie and their two side-kicks, Cap Riley and Stub Stevens.

The four of them were starting

an extended bike hike. Mayor Martin and the other fathers had managed to dig up a few friends along the way, so that the gang had a series of houses to stay in within easy biking distance, and were assured of chaperones. This farmhouse was their first stop. The Parkers had greeted them warmly; had accommodated the boys in the guest room, and Connie and Peggy in this cozy attic hide-away. Only Elizabeth, the Parkers' twenty-year-old daughter, had been a jarring note. She was a slight, attractive girl, and Peggy had liked her instantly. But there had been something unnatural about her silence.

"Careful, Peg." Connie's warn-

ing jolted Peggy back to the present. "That bed's an antique. You're breaking off the knob."

"No sooner said than done." Peggy glanced down ruefully at the knob in her hand. "But I can screw it back on." She scrambled to her knees, and tried to fit the grooves together. "Connie, look. The bedpost's all hollow inside."

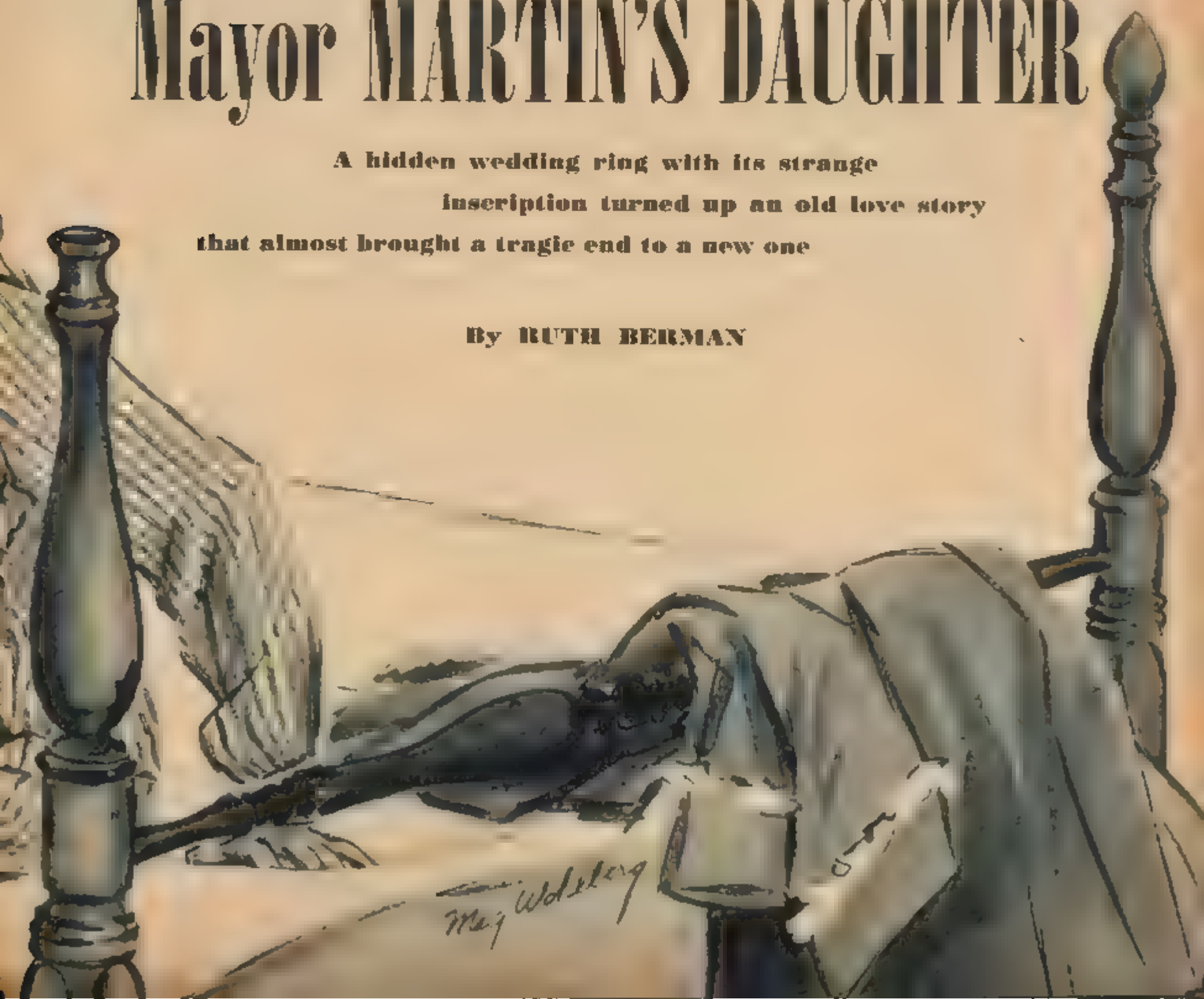
Connie sprang to her feet as a knock sounded at the door. "Screw it on quick." Peggy made frantic efforts to get the knob to fit, gave it up, and hid it behind her back. Connie waited a moment, then pulled open the door.

Elizabeth Parker was standing outside. (Continued on page 45)

Mayor MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

A hidden wedding ring with its strange
inscription turned up an old love story
that almost brought a tragic end to a new one

By RUTH BERMAN



Or would you like to be a star?

Young hopefuls go through

a training course

that's really rugged when they're

GETTING AHEAD

In HOLLYWOOD

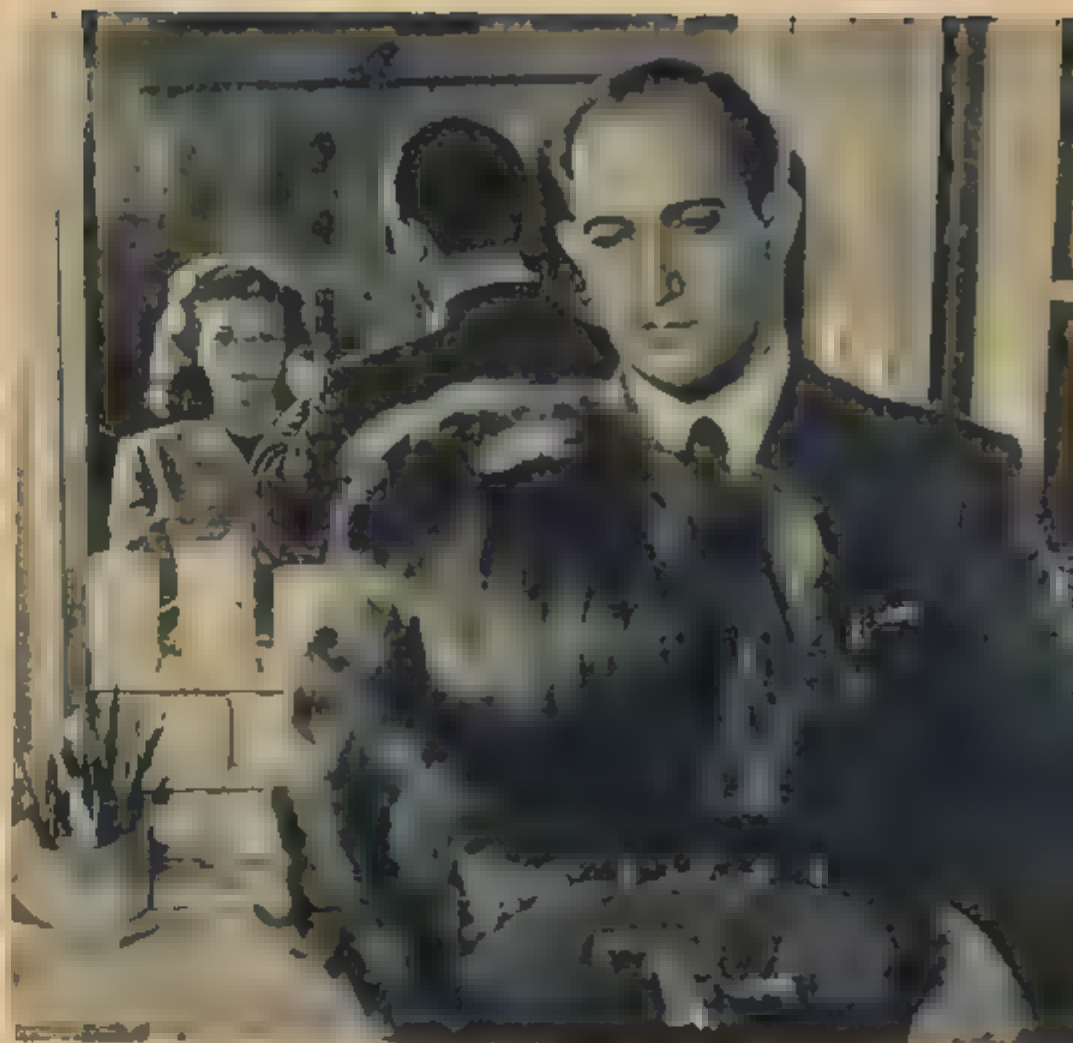
By ELEANOR HITESHEW

SOUNDS wonderful, doesn't it, when a friend says, "You ought to be in pictures!" Maybe you give the idea serious thought—maybe you tuck the sweet morsel away as the Nicest Compliment of the Week, even if you and your mirror don't quite see eye to eye with it.

Of course, the big problem for any gal with movie aspirations is getting to Hollywood at all—that is, getting to official Hollywood, which means *inside* the gates. Not so simple if she's not where she's likely to be noticed by the talent scouts. But let's say she's more than a little pretty she's been seen, snapped up, whisked off to Hollywood and hustled through that tense thing called a screen test. Then what? Maybe a seven-year contract.



All the comfortable positions you like to wind yourself into look awfully awkward before a camera. Sue England learns to sit and do nothing—and doesn't she do it beautifully?



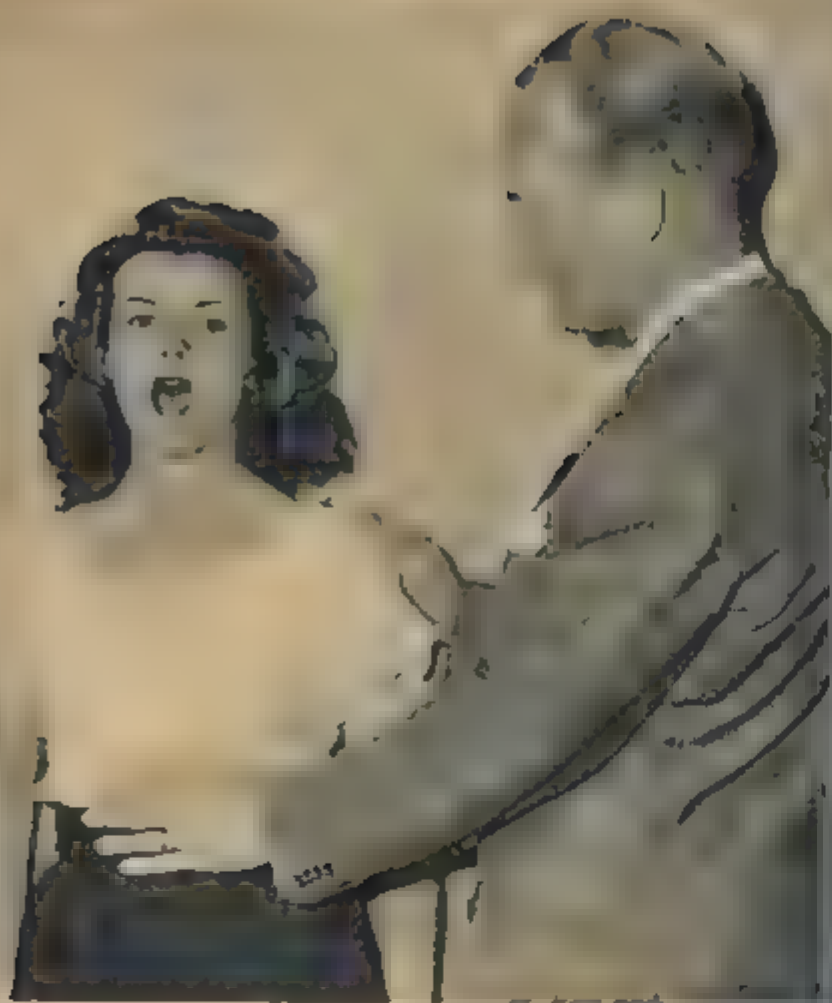
Even a peach-blossom skin isn't taken at face value in Hollywood. Before the camera, a gal needs make-up, and here Nan Leslie, RKO starlet, learns how to use it.

That's wonderful, you say. And so it is.

But hold on a minute! It's a cinch the would-be star won't be playing even a bit part for a good long while. First of all, she has to go through a pretty vigorous training program. This being groomed for star status is a lengthy proceeding, involving much hard work and more than a smattering of heartache. True, teenage Sue England has already been doled out two juicy roles. Nan Leslie's prospects look O.K. But they're exceptions. Of all the eager young hopefuls discovered by talent scouts, only a few make the grade. A girl may have a stint in just one film and fade into unhappy obscurity. Or she may never get on the screen at all. And while a seven-year contract may sound like a sturdy piece of paper, it's divided into option periods, and there's always the worry that an option may not be picked up.

If the would-be star is determined to reach stardom, and has what it takes, she's likely to be due for years of work and waiting before she hits the jackpot. Cary

(Continued on page 44)



Nan sounds off for her voice teacher, making sure she uses her diaphragm to do it. It's part of a star's training.



Above—No, no, don't be alarmed! The frightening looking gentleman is not trying to shove Sue England through the door. He's Stacy Keach, her talent coach at Universal Pictures, and he's only going through one of her scenes with her, showing her how to put a little drama into it. That's how she learns to act.

Left—Try it! It's simple, really. Of course it takes practice, but Sue England gets plenty of that. Good health and exercise are musts for starlets, and no one's more faithful about sticking to training rules than the girls who hope to be stars.

Here's how to WASH and IRON a RAYON



A fresh-looking blouse is a good-looking blouse—so here's how to keep them clean and neat

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON



BLOUSES are going to be a mainstay of your back-to-school wardrobe, so take a little time this summer to restore them to first-class condition. There's nothing wrong with most blouses that a proper washing and ironing won't remedy, and it's simple once you learn the technique.

Most of the blouses now being sold are made of rayon, or rayon plus another fabric. While many rayons can be washed successfully, some types are better dry-cleaned, so make sure your blouse is washable before you attempt to launder it. Don't rely on guesswork, either, but look to an instruction tag or to the label itself to give the cleaning method. If there is no tag and you cannot identify the fabric, remember the rule of three: lukewarm water, mild soap, and careful handling.

Keep in mind that rayon is an artificial, or synthetic, fiber which must be handled carefully. All rayons lose some of their natural strength when wet and are sensitive to heat and friction. There are several types of rayon, each of which requires its own washing procedure, but basically the method's the same. Plunge the blouse into lukewarm, mild suds and wash by squeezing suds through and through the fabric, never by rubbing. Give the blouse two sudings, and if it still isn't up to your cleanliness standards—do it again. Pay especial attention to collars and cuffs; they often require a little gentle rubbing with dry soap flakes to loosen the dirt.

Rinse the blouse twice in cool water, squeeze out as much of the water as possible, and roll in (Continued on page 57)



BLOUSE

1 After washing and squeezing out water, roll blouse in turkish towel to absorb excess moisture. Transfer blouse to rubber sheeting to keep it damp enough for ironing.

2 Unroll blouse from sheeting and begin ironing with almost-cool iron. Do the yoke and sleeves first.

3 Insert felt sleeve pad between the layers of material to avoid creasing. Pad is very simple to make.

4 Be sure to iron rayon blouse, including sleeves, first on the wrong side to eliminate the sheen.

5 After ironing the sleeves, do the collar and lapel. Next, iron the front of the blouse, both on the wrong and right sides. Use a small pad similar to the sleeve pad when ironing a pocket or monogram.

6 Iron from the buttonhole edge around to the back and then on to the button side of the blouse.

7 Finished! The freshly-ironed blouse is a joy to behold, a delight to wear. No wonder she's happy!

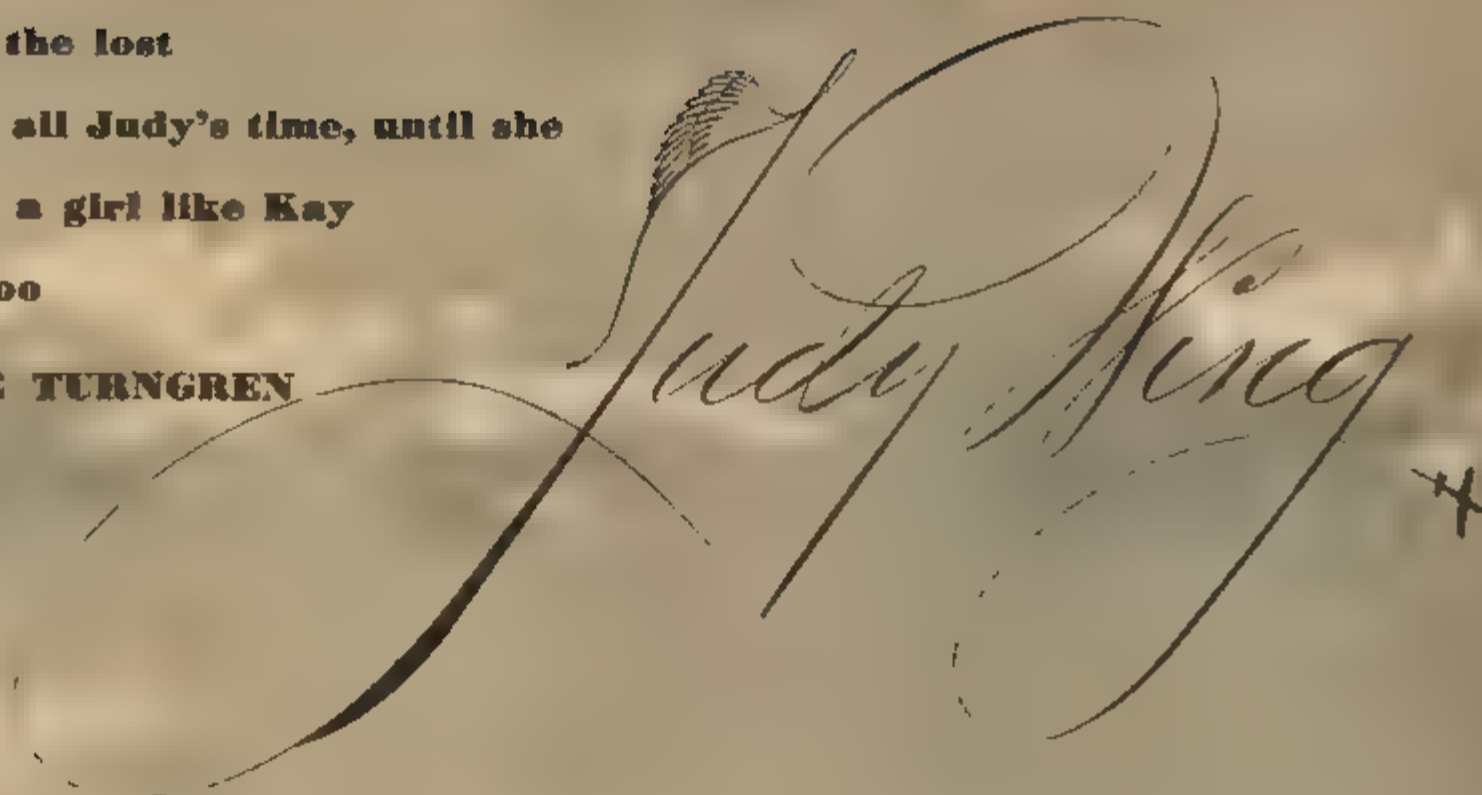




The hunt for the lost

children took all Judy's time, until she realized even a girl like Kay can be lost, too

By ANNETTE TURNER



JUDY WING left her plane at the hangar in the hands of Bob, the head mechanic, and started slowly across the field toward the aviation school dormitory. She kept her head down, against the wind and spattering rain. In the west the dark clouds were piling up with alarming speed for a real storm. Now and then Judy jerked her head up and scowled at them.

"All right, you win this round," she thought. "I've been bucking you all day. But tomorrow . . ."

The wide doors of the dorm flew open, and Helen French, one of Judy's advanced students, dashed down the steps to meet her.

"What luck, Miss Wing?" Then, when she saw the droop of Judy's shoulders, "You didn't find them?"

"Not yet, Helen. But the search is going on—on foot."

"But it's going to storm soon!" Helen cried.

Judy shrugged. "I know. I hope the kids have sense enough to crawl into some kind of shelter. I couldn't buck that wind any longer and I couldn't get up above it—at least I couldn't have seen the ground if I had."

"Poor kids," Helen said. "They'll be so frightened. But they will go adventuring and get lost, and what can you do?"

"At least there are three of them," said Judy quickly. "What's new at the school since I left?"

Helen's mood changed. She linked her arm through Judy's and swung along beside her.

"Guess who came back!" she exclaimed.

"Hmm. Can't imagine," said Judy.

Helen chuckled. "Well, it isn't Captain Ted Baker," she teased.

Judy looked at her in mock dismay. "It isn't?"

"Nope. As if we didn't all know he called you from Texas just last night!"

"That's right," Judy smiled. "Well, then it must be Mr. Barker's old gray cat."

"Oh, Miss Wing! You know I wouldn't be excited about Selma, even if we do miss her. She's always disappearing."

Judy laughed. "I give up," she said. "Who is it?" "Kay Towler!"

"Oh?" said Judy. She didn't add "Why?" because Helen didn't wait for that.

"With the most gorgeous clothes you ever saw—well, Kay always did have pretty clothes when she was a student here, but—just wait till you see her marvelous date dresses, and her Mexican beach coat, and her white jersey . . ."

"Sounds terrific," Judy broke in. "How long is she staying?"

"She's stopping off for a few days on her way to New York. She'll probably go on the stage if she doesn't get married. Oh, Miss Wing . . ." Helen ended on a sigh.

"What's the trouble, Helen?"

"Oh, nothing. Only—just listening to Kay you get to wondering if it's worth it—all this training and studying and—well, I thought all I wanted to do was fly, but now—the way Kay talks . . ."

"I see," said Judy quietly. "Kay never did learn to fly, did she?"

Helen looked at her in surprise. "Oh, she never really meant to, you know. She was just killing time here until she could make up her mind about the stage."

So that was the story Kay Towler had told the girls when she left the school in the middle of the term! Not a word, evidently, about the stormy

They linked arms and started racing across the field, laughing.

session in Judy's office when she had had to make her choice between accepting the school's discipline or going home. Kay had been one of Judy's rare wrong guesses. And now she had come back to make the rest of the students dissatisfied with the life they had chosen.

It was all Judy could do to keep her good nature when she met Kay at dinner an hour later. Helen hadn't overrated Kay's clothes—not if the soft blue sheer with the pin-tucked bodice and sleeves and the fetching peplum was a fair example. It was especially lovely with Kay's pale gold hair and wide blue eyes that looked up at Judy with an appealing hesitancy as she stammered, "I—I just had to come back and—see everybody, Miss Wing!"

"So you've missed us?" Judy asked lightly.

Kay's poise came back. "Oh, I've been terribly busy—such a *whirl*—but I couldn't pass by on my way to New York without dropping in. It may be ages before I'm back this way again."

Judy let it go at that. She wasn't in the mood for counteracting Kay's influence on the other students tonight. She was much too concerned over her failure to find the three small boys who had wandered off the day before from their homes in the near-by town and were believed to be lost somewhere in the hills to the north. But she watched Kay's flushed face and shining eyes and listened to the glamorous tales Kay told, with herself as heroine. Yes, it was easy to see why Helen had begun to wonder if flying was worth the hard work you put into it.

"I'll bide my time," Judy thought. "Maybe—but I was wrong about Kay when I thought she'd make a good flier. She hasn't got the stuff."

As soon as dinner was over, Judy slipped away to check with the state troopers. The searching parties were straggling back, de-

feated by the storm. Only a few men, including the boys' fathers, were still out on what looked like a hopeless search.

"I'll stand by for orders in the morning," Judy said, and turned away from the phone. She went to bed early, hoping to get a good night's sleep before she took off again on the search. But she

When Judy woke, the sky had cleared except for a few fragments of cloud that were trying to keep up the appearance of another possible storm later in the day. Judy stopped at the kitchen for a package of food—just in case she found the boys—and started off for the hangar. On the way she met Helen and Kay on their way back from the tennis courts.

"It's too wet to play," Kay explained. "We'll have to wait until the courts dry off." She tapped her racket against the knee of her white slacks and gave Judy a nervous smile.

"You're going off on the hunt," Helen said. "Don't you think someone should go with you to watch the ground, Miss Wing?"

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," Judy said, and on an impulse added, "Kay, how about you? Would you like to come along?"

Kay looked startled. She gulped a little, and said quickly, "I'd—like to, if you want me, Miss Wing."

"Fine! Run back to the dorm and grab a jacket. I'll wait for you at the hangar."

They didn't have much to say to each other as they climbed into the plane and Judy took off. She handed Kay the glasses and said, "Three little boys aren't going to be easy to find. If you see anything moving, let me know."

It was a most discouraging hunt. Judy flew as low as she dared, keeping within a fifteen-mile radius of the town. "They can't have gone much further than that," she told Kay. "But they may have crawled into some cave—or they could be sleeping somewhere."

"I think it's pretty hopeless," Kay said at last. "There's nothing but scrub oak and rocks and brush."

"Keep looking," Judy said. She swept back and forth in long sweeps over the area. Now and then Kay reported seeing members of the searching party plodding along on (Continued on page 54)

NEXT MONTH look for **CALLING ALL GIRLS** among the larger-size magazines!

BEGINNING with the August issue, your favorite magazine appears in a smoother, larger-size dress! Then *Calling All Girls* takes its proper place on the newstands among magazines the size of *Good Housekeeping*, *Time*, and the movie magazines. Better ask for your copy early—and if you don't see the magazine, ask your news dealer.



We're a BIG girl now!

couldn't sleep. Every crash of thunder reminded her of the job she hadn't been able to do that day. And in between the rumblings of the storm, she thought of Kay and why she had come back.

"I guess I just don't like failure," she thought, turning her pillow determinedly. "Today was a flop, even if it was the fault of the weather. And Kay—well, she didn't have to come back and rub it in. But just let me find those boys, and I'll take care of Kay. There'll be another session in my office about her attitude, and this time I won't be polite!"

RIBBON RHAPSODIES

By EVELYN ABELMAN

YOUR room will really rate rave notices when you glamorize it with ribbon.

Ribbons are versatile; they can be as guileless as an infant or as sophisticated as a siren. You can knot them or bow them, hang them or sew them. Decorate your windows, walls, dressing table, or bed; the ceiling's the limit. Here are six simple ideas to show you the way. Have fun!

Suggestions by Gertrude Sigman

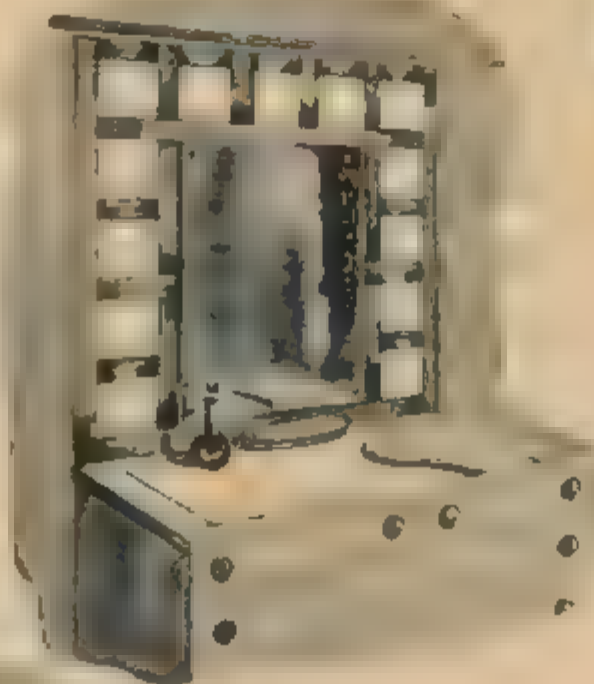
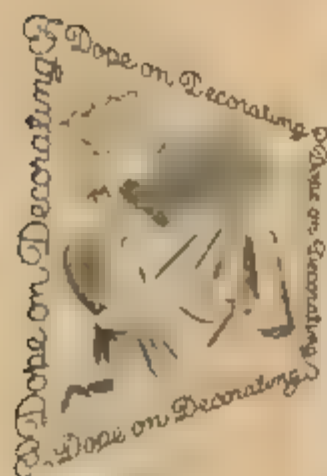


Above—Very cool for July! Thread wide ribbon through a metal frame, bow the ends, and your windows are prettily dressed yet not covered.



Above—You'll feel like a pampered pet when you preen at this dressing table. Tack the ribbons up lightly so they can be removed for washing.

Below—Brighten the corner where you sleep! Inexpensive pictures are big-time stuff when hung like this. Use ribbon to trim a plain bedspread.



Above — Dress up your dresser with ribbon. You can use the spaces between the latticework for holding your favorite photos.

Left—Little-girl streamers frame big-girl doings. Ribbons on stool and table are threaded through eyelet embroidery on tape.



It's knowing the right way to handle your
racket—plus plenty of practice—that leads

Straight to GOOD TENNIS

By HELEN HULL JACOBS

Former U. S. Singles Tennis Champion

WHEN you're a sideline observer at a tennis match between top-flight players, you'd swear the game was oh, so easy! Just a matter of keeping that ball going from one side of the net to the other!

Yes, it looks easy when players like Sarah Cooke and Frank Parker (the present United States Singles Champions), Alice Marble, Bill Tilden, and Donald Budge, all

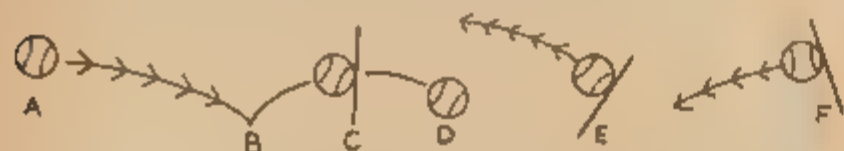
with their different types of games, send their expert shots flying across the net with the speed of a bullet. But just a minute! Ever think how much work and study lie behind those seemingly effortless shots and the strokes that produce them?

If you're out to play a really good game—a winning game, why not?—you'll need to practice a few techniques until you master

them. That's how the champions do it.

The game of the champions is made up of many different kinds of strokes, but we won't go into all of them. Let's take a look at the three basic strokes, the forehand, the backhand, and service.

The forehand, like Gaul, is divided into three parts—the back-swing, in which you get your racket ready to strike the ball;



In case you're not clear on the right way to hit the ball, here's a diagram: A marks the flight of the ball to your court. Ball bounces at B. Racket strings (C) should be flat against the ball. Hit ball as it rises from your court, not when it begins to drop, as in D. Don't tilt racket face up (E) or down (F).

The player below is using the forehand to stop that ball her opponent has just sent over the net. It's the same stroke you see close-up at the right, with Sarah Palfrey Cooke, national champion, racing to return a shot in the U. S. Singles Title Tournament.

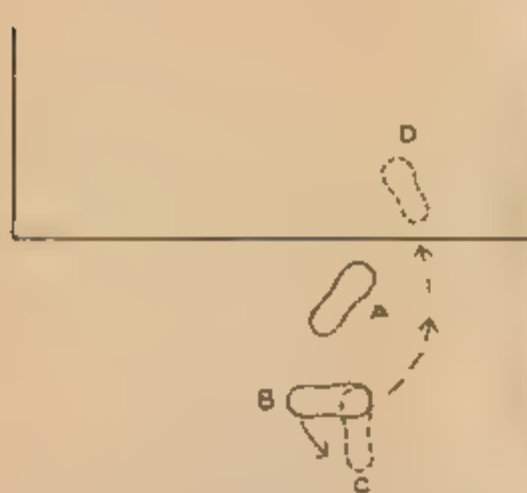




Brush up on your backhand, gals. You'll be needing it in a fast game like the one pictured above. On the right, doubles champion Margaret Osborne's backhand, good as it is, wasn't enough to win her the Women's Single Championship. Press Association, Wide World, Acme Photos

the striking of the ball; and the follow-through, which is the finish of the stroke. The forehand is usually the first to be learned, and some of its principles carry over to other strokes. For instance, there's the matter of using body coordination to lend more power to your shot. Putting your weight behind a tennis stroke can be the decisive factor.

It's important, too, to know



It's your serve, and how's your footwork? The above diagram shows the position of the feet for service. (A) Left foot. (B) Right foot at beginning of service. (C) Right foot pivots to this point as the racket swings forward to hit the ball and follow through, or it may swing forward (D) as long as it doesn't cross the line until the ball is hit. Otherwise you'll be committing a foot-fault.



Louise Brough, former National Girls' Tennis Champion, goes all out after a low one in a struggle for the Singles title.



how to hold your racket. The grip for all tennis strokes must be comfortable. There should be no strain on your arm or body when you're making a shot. If you were to hit the ball with the palm of the hand, you'd probably make the perfect forehand tennis stroke. Just pretend that the head of the racket is an extension of the palm of your hand, and that you're "shaking hands" with the racket. Hold the racket handle so that the palm of the hand is flat and firm against the broad surface parallel with the strings. Don't clutch the handle, but spread your fingers slightly. The first joint of the thumb should rest against the first joint of your third finger. See how easy it is?

Now let's hit that ball. It's moving in a more or less horizontal position. You want to return it the same way. When it crosses the net, it's not hard to judge whether it's going to bounce high or low. So—bring your racket back on a level of what you judge is the height at which the ball should be hit, with the racket strings flat against it.

As you swing the racket forward, it should hit the ball about a foot in front of you. That's the point of greatest power of your forward swing. It's also the point at which your racket stops moving in a forward direction and veers off to the left. Let it follow the flight of the ball as far as possible, and then its own momentum will carry it toward your left shoulder for the follow-through.

The follow-through means just that—following the shot all the way through, after the ball leaves the racket. In a fast game, you'd scarcely notice it, but try doing your stroke in slow motion. If you were throwing a ball, you'd first draw your arm back, turning your body to the right to gather momentum for the throw. Then you'd swing your arm forward. But when the ball left your hand, your arm wouldn't stop. It would go on in the direction the ball had taken until your arm was extended. Well, the principle is the same in the forehand drive. Fol-

low through with your arm moving toward your body until the racket head is pointing at the place where the ball has landed.

And what about footwork? Sounds tricky when you read about it, but you can't play good tennis without it! And faithfully



Helen Hull Jacobs, who wrote this article, was until recently a lieutenant in the WAVES. She started playing tennis at thirteen, won many championships, was rated the world's top-ranking woman tennis player.

practicing your footwork pays off. When you make the forehand drive, your left shoulder should face the direction in which you intend to hit the ball. Your left foot should be about one step in front and to the side of your right foot. Now for the trick.

1. When you draw your racket back as the ball crosses the net from your opponent's court, your body turns to the right and your weight is almost entirely on your back, or right, foot.

2. As you swing your racket forward to hit the ball, your body turns to the left and your weight moves forward onto your left foot.

3. Pivot on the back foot, but don't lift it off the court!

Oh, yes, you'll be tempted to lift your back foot off the court and swing it around in front of your left foot, hoping to add even more power to your shot. Very bad! This extreme left movement makes for a wild, uncontrolled shot and can't add any power to a ball that's moving in the oppo-

site direction. On the other hand, if you plant your back foot firmly on the court and keep it there, your arm will be stopped in its swing by your body—as it should be.

In making the backhand drive, the footwork is reversed. The right foot is one step in front and to the side of the left foot, but the movement of the body is the same. The weight is on the back, or left, foot for the backswing, and moves forward onto the right foot as the arm swings the racket forward to hit the ball and follow through. The racket should end its swing with the racket head pointing in the direction in which the ball has gone. But the momentum of the stroke will carry the racket head beyond this point toward your right shoulder for a proper finish. Never allow your swing to become wild by not keeping the right foot firmly on the court and pivoting on your left.

I think that one of the most important things to work for in any tennis stroke is freedom of movement. Work hard on the correct form, then let your whole body relax.

You'll find you can make your shots as if they were one continuous flowing motion.

I remember when I was fourteen and very anxious to win the National Junior Championship, I had pinned to the wall of my bedroom a photograph of a player at the finish of a backhand drive. In those days I was sure of my forehand and my service, but I was scared to death every time I saw a ball aiming at my backhand. The photograph showed only the end of the stroke with the player's arm on a line with the shoulders and the racket head slightly lifted. But I could figure out how it would have looked at the backswing and impact with the ball.

The player had put her thumb up the broad, back surface of the racket handle. I soon discovered why. When I received a fast shot on my backhand, I found that my thumb against the handle was a brace against the force of the ball which it never could have

(Continued on page 63)

HAPPY DATES

If it's a repeat performance
you're after, then break up on your first
charm that spell "entire"
By MARTHA ROSE

THE PROBLEM today, friends, is not how to get a date—we assume you have one!—but how to get your date to come back again. We say he will come back again and again if you charm him properly.

But what is this charm stuff, besides being the real problem? It would be nice if we could hand you a neat little ABC formula for charm. Unfortunately it's a pretty intangible property, not entirely something you just put on, like fancy clothes and snifty perfume, but something that springs naturally from a well-mannered you. Charm is made up of graciousness, friendliness, and cheerfulness. It means knowing how to handle situations smoothly. Which brings us to the situation of the moment—the date.

The date begins, not at eight o'clock on Friday or Saturday night, but with the invitation. You can set the whole mood of the date by the way you accept. A disinterested "Well, all right" is not being alluringly hard-to-get but just plain rude. It sounds as if you might as well go out with this lad because you have nothing better to do. Which is a fine way to make a male so sorry he ever opened (Continued on page 58)



the twins, Liss and Andy Darrow."

The gaunt, gray face on the pillow turned toward them, and the twins moved forward to stand at the foot of the bed. Mrs. Lindquist's tired eyes lighted. The eyes were blue, an older edition of Johnnie Lindquist's worried young eyes.

"You were—nice babies," she said, the friendly ghost of a smile just touching the bloodless lips. "You look as if you'd grown up—to be nice girls. I'm—so sorry I was not at home—when . . ."

"But we were all right, truly we were," Andy said earnestly. She moved ahead of her twin and close to the bed.

"But—who is taking care of you?" Mrs. Lindquist worried. The pucker in her lined forehead smoothed itself out and her hand closed tightly about Andy's. "I promised—your mother . . ."

"We're staying with Dr. and Mrs. O'Brien," Andy told her gently. "We're going to stay there till you're up and home again. You mustn't worry. Just get well fast. And here is Ian MacLeith—you were asking for him, too, weren't you?"

The blue eyes moved upward to rest on Ian's concerned countenance.

"I was looking for—you—in Torrington," she said, bringing each word out with an effort. "I saw somebody I—knew—in Postbury when I went to market today—yesterday . . ." She turned her head restlessly. "I can't remember. How long have I been here?"

"You were knocked down the day before yesterday," Ian told her. "They brought you up here, but you had only a small change purse with you—no letters or cards to identify you. They didn't know where you were from, until Dr. O'Brien started checking with the hospitals when Rick brought the girls home."

"Day before—yesterday," Mrs. Lindquist murmured. "So—long?"

I remember getting off the bus and then—nothing." She drew a deep breath, and began. "A man was coming out of the—feed—store in Postbury as I was going in—to order some straw for the chicken coops. A small man, dark—very thin. He recognized me, too. Mr. Gross—in the feed store, you know—told me he was the new manager up at Blue—Valley—Farm. He said you—had left the farm and this—this new man was doing some—queer—ordering . . ."

Ian MacLeith's face was grim. "Knows horses but has no notion of keeping down expenses," he said. "*Queer ordering* indeed! Mr. Otis must be crazy—or there's something under it all I don't fathom. He brought him into the office two weeks back. Gave him the books, and never checked the bills. I've been at Blue Valley too long to take orders—dumb orders—from a phony like Tom Somers. I walked out four days ago."

He looked down at the old, worried face on the pillow. "You said you recognized him," he reminded her. "Where did you see him before, if I may be askin' ye?"

"He was the—detective who found the roll of bills in Johnnie's closet," Mrs. Lindquist said. "I'd never forget him—not in a thousand years. But how would a de-

tective come to be manager at a famous racing stable like Blue Valley Farm? I came to Torrington to ask you—I remembered your sister lived here."

Ian MacLeith said something violent under his breath. "I don't know, but I promise ye I'll be findin' out," he said then, quietly.

The nurse came forward to put her fingers on Mrs. Lindquist's wrist.

"Time's up, folks," she said cheerfully. "You may come again another day."

The three visitors followed her out solemnly. They got into Ian's small black sedan, and he turned the key in the ignition.

"I'd like to be visitin' Blue Valley Farm right now, if so be as you girls don't mind comin' along," he said in a hard voice. "I'll have a few words with this Tom Somers, and with Mr. Otis as well. You two can sit in the car and wait. I won't keep you long."

He put the car in gear, and they rolled out of the hospital driveway.

On the back seat, the twins faced one another, their eyes blazing with excitement. "'Curiouser and curiouser,' as Alice in Wonderland said," Liss murmured.

"I'm glad we're in on the plot, whatever it turns out to be," Andy whispered back.

The car turned off the main highway into a narrower road that ran uphill in a gentle ascent. Rolling meadowland sloped away from it on either side, and in a field on the right several horses were grazing near the fence.

Rounding a turn in the road, the sedan stopped beside a square, one-story, red-brick building with white trim. A small sign at the right of the door said: *Office, Blue Valley Farm*. In front of the building there was a wide expanse of garden, with a dense clump of shrubbery at

(Continued on page 50)



"This diary is so dull! I wish my past wasn't just beginning!"

CALLING ALL GIRLS

EVERYBODY loves raw fruit. We all instinctively crave refreshing zip as the weather gets warmer. Summer is the time to put raw fruit in more meals, and nothing is more fun for the show-off cook. All you need is time, patience, a dash of imagination, and the will to make the fruit look pretty.

There are three spots in the menu where raw fruit stars—as an appetizer, as a salad, and as dessert. In each case the original preparation is pretty much the same, the idea being to get the fruit clean, get it free of the parts you don't plan to eat, such as pits or skins, and get it to a point where you can cope with it at the table with a spoon or fork as your only tool. Obviously, fruit for appetizer or dessert is sweetened if it needs it. Fruit for salad usually isn't; a tart and fairly salty dressing brings out the fruitiness in a different way. It's the ways you can find to serve it that stretch your imagination and start the fun. Here are three examples, one for each spot on your menu.

Pineapple Surprise

This is really a fruit cocktail concealed in a whole pineapple. Buy a small one for each person you plan (*Continued on page 62*)

A hollowed-out pineapple or melon filled with an assortment of fresh fruit makes an eye-catching cocktail.

FRUIT SURPRISES

*JUNIOR
HOUSEKEEPING
DEPT.*

There's magic in fruit

—and you can pull it right out
of your own imagination

By **JANE RICHARDS**
Food Editor



summer exposure

Good grooming habits show more than ever during vacation

By LOUISE FARLISSE

Good looks matter

Your vacation from routine certainly doesn't mean a vacation from wanting to look lovely and fashionable—and now's when you need personal care most. Beje! bathing suits and play clothes show more of you. Sun, wind, and water wear on your skin and hair are more than enough. Well, you're not more than these holidays, so why not improve your shining hours by improving your appearance?

Not only your face, but the rest of your physique needs complexion care during the summer. You perspire, naturally and dust collects and sticks. Knees and elbows get rough and grubby. Your quick showers at home in pools, lakes, or ocean simply cannot do the necessary cleaning job, refreshing though they feel. Daily soap and warm water baths are essential. A good scrub with a brush or rough washcloth will help dig the dirt out of backs, elbows, and knees. And how about your feet, if you run around barefoot or sockless?

Of course you don't skip on your regular facial care program, but you'll like to add the use of a mild skin lotion as a finisher between cleanings. Heavy, sticky make-up lines are less desirable than ever during hot weather, and a light, creamy foundation may be

just what you need to camouflage dryness. You don't need to powder over it. It will give you a lovely satiny finish by itself.

The question of sun tan is for you to decide individually. A smooth honey color is neat, but a rough, red sunburn is an obvious weather effect—and for the girl who cares how she looks. If you tan easily you'll probably need only a little protection in the early stages. A soothing cream or lotion will keep the skin from cooking as it tans. If you burn easily, watch out. Better not try to achieve a tan if it means going through the agony of sunburn. Take up sunburn with you as you travel, and use it as a reminder. At the first suggestion of discomfort, be persistent about using a preparation that prevents the sun's ultra-red rays from burning down from penetrating the skin. You'll color up slightly, but should avoid ugly painful blistering.

If you are afflicted with eyes, sunshine will soon likely be very

unpleasant, even if it causes a little peeping. It's especially bad for those squinters between your shoulder blades and on your chest that a opt to get less treatment than does on your face. However, some few girls find that sun aggravates an acne condition, so watch your sun bathing carefully until you see how you react to it.

No more about—no more books. Now from omniscient reading is good, but being out in glaring sunshine most of the time may make eyes hurt, too. Tinted glasses keep the sun's brilliance and prevent squinting and strain, but choose them with care. Different lenses may be even more damaging to eyes than sunlight, so don't wear dark glasses that distort your vision or give you a headache. And even if you wear glasses, be sure to



don't wear your dark glasses after the sun goes down. People in the public eye do it so they won't be recognized and bothered. Any woman crying to get your sunglasses these summer evenings?

It's a good idea to wash your eyes with a weak acid solution once in a while—restful and beautifying.

Sun, wind, and water, if you wish a lot, tend to dry out the hair. Perpetration creates an unpleasant odor if allowed to remain in it. To sure in shampoo every week, at not less often than every two weeks. Salt-water swimmers should rinse out all the saltiness at once and then dry the hair thoroughly. Of course brush and brush and brush daily, to keep the hair soft and shining. If it seems dry and unruly, use an oily scalp tonic before your shampoo and occasionally smooth it with a smidgeon of pomade, brilliantine, or Vaseline over the surface of the hair when you comb it. If your hair isn't curly, either by nature or by treatment, why not try a few sleek, shorter haircuts, or plaits with wavy finishings, instead of trying constantly to put up dank, straight locks?

An over-all effect of dampness is worth up of many small details, such as hairpins. For instance, in summer you may have the problem of

(Continued on page 67)

MOVIES THAT MATTER

Selected by ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor



The newborn colt being petted by Mona Freeman is none other than Black Beauty, whose life story by Anna Sewall you have no doubt read with pleasure, and not a few years. Nearly every generation of movie-goers has had its own "Black Beauty." Yours is the best yet, with scenery and action superior to earlier versions. (20th. C-Fox)

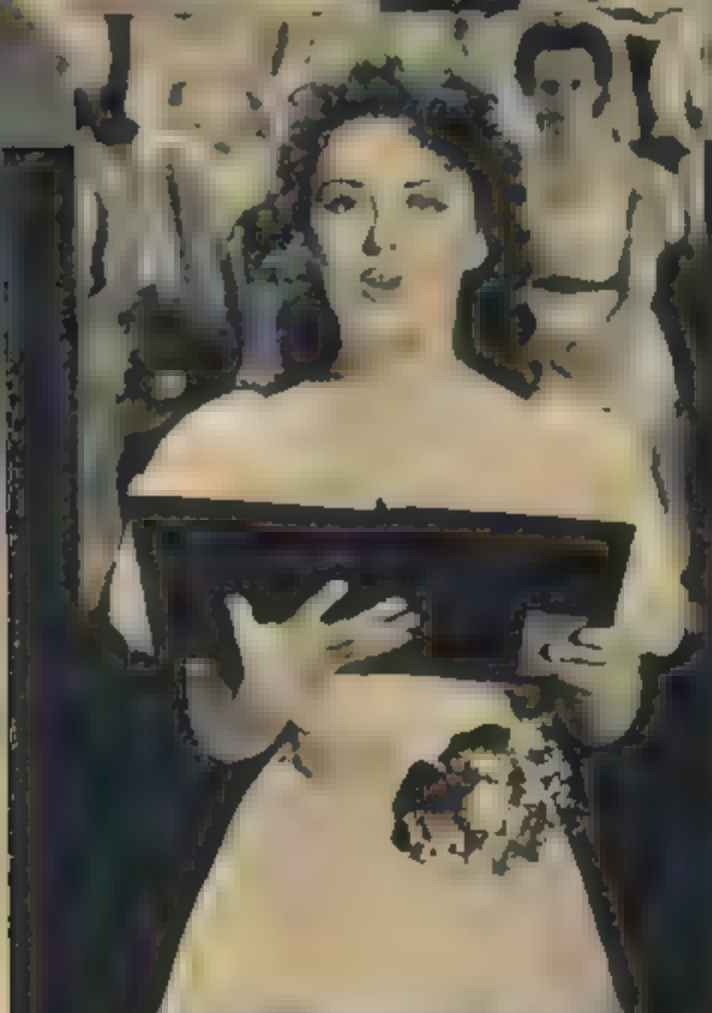
Below—Guy Madison's first film about his discharge from the Navy is "Till the End of Time," with Dorothy McGuire as leading lady. Since Dorothy is one of the screen's best actresses and Guy's only pre-war experience was a bit part, he certainly didn't pick the easiest way of making good. But he'll do all right, say all of us. (RKO)



Little sisters aren't as a rule too welcome in a honeymoon cottage, though Jean Larkin and Robert Hutton seem to be making the best of Clara Faley's visit in "Janie Gets Married." When a pretty WAC sergeant, Bob's pal in the Army, also turns up—well, that's another matter. The film is as spirited as last year's "Janie"—remember? (Warners)



Elizabeth Taylor and Lassie are friends again in "Blue Skies," with Tom Drake and Frank Morgan the grownups in the film. The wooded hills of the Northwest are background for the story, which tells of Lassie's friendship with the forest animals—bears, silver fox, chipmunk, eagles. Separated from Elizabeth by battle service in the Pacific, the collie has trouble adjusting when he comes home. (MGM)



Beverly Tyler is almost starry-eyed, but you'll agree when you see her in "The Green Years." Her clear, natural soprano as she sings a solo from "The Messiah" is one of the loveliest voices ever heard in the films. The story is really Tom Drake's and the almost insurmountable difficulties he meets in securing an education. His great grandfather (Charles Coburn—above) and a teacher who has faith in him help him find a way. (MGM)

Below—"Smoky" is another biography of a horse; this time of a wild one tamed by cowboy Fred MacMurray. But Smoky is stolen and forced into the life of an outlaw. His eventual rescue is not brought about in a day, for the animal ages several years in the course of the narrative (a neat problem for the make-up men!). Anne Baxter (right) is Fred's boss—and for life at the end. (20th C-Fox)





custom made *for each other*



● Wing-sleeve shirts are the big fad with Salt Lake City, Utah, high-schoolers, who have them made to order by Lorrin Garside, local high-schooler, turned designer. ● Armholes are almost waist deep; color combinations in rayon gabardine out of this world. Steadies order them in pairs. ● Above, Pete Sargent and Jan Lewis with wing-sleeve shirts tucked neatly into belted waistlines. ● Top, right, Beverly Chase, Jannie Winter, and Walt Johnson. Right, sixteen-year-old Lorrin Garside, himself, with Margine Peterson—all of East High. ● Wouldn't you like to see Lory wing-sleeve shirts in your own stores? If enough of you write in to us about them, we might be able to do something about it!



JABBERWOCKY and JIVE

LIBERYSNAY YMESHILAY

TWINKLE, twinkle, handsome star.

How I wish you'd closer be;
Right outside my window pane,
Oh, Johnson, Van, please come to
me!

Mary, Mary, uncontrary,
How does your date-rate go?
With my dress so neat and a
smile so sweet,
They're lined up in a row.

Young Mistress Hubbard
 Dreamed that her cupboard
 With nylons was very well
 stocked;
 But when she got there,
 The cupboard was bare,
 So she's still wearing her bobby
 sox.

Medium-sized Jack Horner
Got out of his corner
To hubba at Betty Joan;
She was no square,
She gave him the air,
So he's back in his corner, alone.



"I'll be glad when your folks go to bed—I know a swell recipe for making fudge."

HEY, FEET, THE DOWN BEAT!

Young Harry James
Was a hep band-man,
No gleep or ick was he;
He gave with the schmaltz,
He gave with the jive,
He's known as a strong cup of
tea.

Cut a rug, baby, on the dance
floor,
Jackson will dig you, give with
some more.
When the band stops, he'll spin
you a dream,
That ought to keep you right on
the beam.

Hey, Woody Herman, come blow
your horn!
The Teen-Age Canteen is open
this morn!
Classes are over, our homework
is done,
Gee, Saturday sure is atomic for
fun!

DAFFYNISIUNN

Well, *purr* and *meow* (female for hubba), here's where we knock our teeth out with the latest galvanizin' vocabs. Of cor you'll have to learn 'em, if you don't want to be an *egg* (drip) scrubbing the dish pan or an *emaciated* (ick) without your marbles, that is.

À la mode—Somethin' special
Mothball—Uninteresting
Chin-up girl—Conceited
Void coupon—Dull person
Messie Essie—Sloppy gal
Unaware—What you take off
last when undressing
Mud without juice—Dust
Catalog—Two women talking
Chicken with snowshoes — A
duck

On the altar—Going steady
Egg-heddy—Dense character
Blush-blush book—Rugged epic
Divorce duet—Steadies who
broke up
Hubba hubba ding radar—
Doubly especially good
Kitty—Girl with a reputation
Capsule—Not quite so bad as a
pill

Whistle bait—Worth puckering
up for
I played a Jap—I played a trick

Let's Talk Things Over

with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

I think that I'm getting old enough to take care of children but my mother and dad don't seem to think the same way about it as I do. The people who ask me are always nice, but when I have to refuse, they never ask me again. What do you think I could do about it?—Evelyn S., aged 13½, California.

MOTHERS and fathers know that taking care of children is a real responsibility. They want to be sure it is all right to give their consent. Evelyn's parents may wish to know whether the mothers who ask her to take care of their children want her as simply a sitter (for example, to mind a sleeping infant or toddler while they are away from the house), or expect her to be on hand for many hours, giving the children their meals, putting them to bed, taking them out of doors. Parents have a right to know whether their daughter is needed in the evenings or afternoons, and if she has the time and energy to spare for taking on the job.

Evelyn might prove her growing readiness by observing little children—watching the neighbors' children on her street, or groups at play. She could visit places like day nurseries or nursery schools, if there are any near her. She might get herself invited by some young mother whom she knows well, to give Junior a bath, to take him to the park. She can send for booklets on child care to the Children's Bureau in Washington. She can ask her town librarian, her teachers, a Camp Fire Girl, a Girl Scout, or 4-H Club leader about books and articles on child care. It's good to know how to heat a

baby's bottle correctly, to have some ideas about what to do in case of illness or emergency, to know how to change a diaper, or play a few games. By learning about these things, Evelyn can show her parents that she has initiative and wants to do a good job.

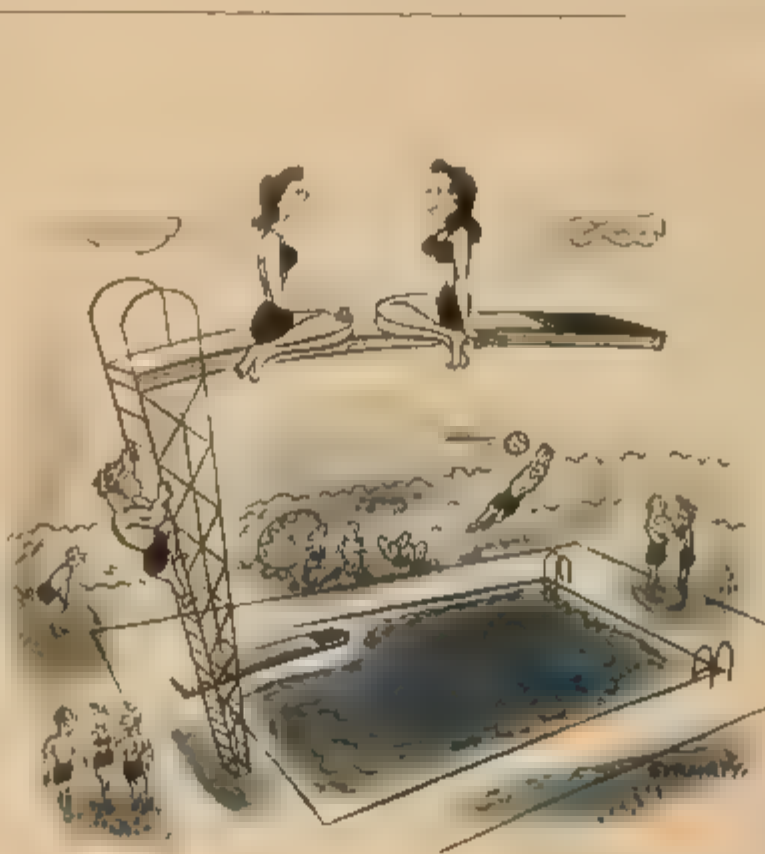
Naturally, her folks also want to be confident that she'll be safe. She and they can talk over for whom and where she is to work, what the hours are to be, how she is to get home, and so on. Perhaps she wants to earn extra spending money. Minding children is often a perfect way for a girl to do this, performing a fine service at the same time. There are various other ways of earning money which Evelyn and her parents might also consider. Of course they will take into account her age, her recreation and play needs, her schoolwork, if she plans a job during the school term, and the work opportunities which seem to be most suitable for her at this particular time, as well as Evelyn's own individual desires.

My girl-friend has started smoking and my mother doesn't want me to associate with her because she doesn't think that Betty is a nice girl. Betty and I have been friends and gone around with each other for about two years. What can I tell Betty when she asks me to spend the night over at her house? How can I make my mother realize that I have to have Betty over at my house some of the time?—Merlina M., Texas.

IT'S not always easy to explain our feelings toward those we care for, is it? Parents sometimes ask a daughter, "Just what do you see in your pal?" And a girl is likely to answer, perhaps a bit vaguely, "I don't know. I just like her," or, "She's my girl-friend, that's all." In forming opinions of our friends, it is good to use our own judgment, but also to consider the opinions of others whom we respect. In the end, however, we should all be responsible for making our own choices. Why is it parents cannot always see the

same qualities in their daughters' friends, or cannot accept them? Sometimes they are afraid their children will copy what they think of as undesirable traits. But this need not happen to a girl like Merlina. Whatever her contacts, she won't necessarily throw her own beliefs or customs overboard. She will stand firmly on her own two feet if she has high standards of personal behavior, has a sound relationship with her family, and does her own clear thinking about what she wants to make of herself.

Is it that Merlina's mother just disapproves of Betty's smoking or are there other qualities (Continued on page 62)



"I can't dive but it's a wonderful spot to meet athletes."

CALLING ALL GIRLS

VACATION STRATEGY

(Continued from page 9)

before you make cracks about Wendy's game. I've been coaching her."

They were off again. One of the endless squabbles that marked every hour like the commercials on the radio.

Betty concentrated fiercely on the pots and pans. She and Sandy had been such good pals that the rest of the gang used to chant, "The Campbells are coming," as a sort of theme song for them. Loyally, they used to side together on everything. But lately, life between them was a pitched battle.

Sandy made fun of her new hair-dos, of her make-up, of her pictures of Guy Madison and Gregory Peck. When her girl friends visited, Sandy snooped and afterward he embarrassed her by loudly repeating what they had said about boys. At the dinner table, he entertained the family with exaggerated accounts of how coy Betty was with John Demetrius. And now, worst of all, he had practically proved himself an arch-enemy by coaching Wendy Bennett for the tournament!

"The Campbells are coming, all right," Betty thought bitterly. "The Campbells are coming to blows, if this keeps up."

But the next morning, Betty marched herself down to the tennis courts with a determined look on her face. "I'm tired of taking everything sitting down," she announced firmly to the white-washed wall that Sandy and John had rigged up for tennis practice.

"I've just got to win," Betty told herself, swinging viciously at the ball. John's real love was tennis, and though Betty couldn't compete with Wendy when it came to bathing suits or time to swim at the lake, the tournament next Saturday would give Betty her golden opportunity to draw John's attention back to her. What's more, it would just show Sandy that she could still win without his help.

"Think you're going to win the cup again?" Wendy Bennett's voice was sugar and cream.

"I haven't gazed into my crystal ball yet, so I can't tell," Betty answered, and walked off the court. "She looks like an angora goat

with those silly bangs hanging over her eyes," Betty muttered to herself.

"Hey, Betty, leaving already?" John Demetrius, racket in hand, was strolling toward her with Sandy. "I thought maybe we could get in a game."

Laura hesitated. "A—a game?" "Or are you saving those fancy shots of yours for the tournament?" John teased.

"I'm going to get Stewie," Betty answered, coloring. "But Wendy's waiting for someone to help her be competition."

"She is real competition, anyway you look at her," Sandy sang out maliciously.

As Betty stalked on, she wondered whether it was completely natural to feel so murderous toward your own brother. She tried to figure out why, when she wanted to be extra-special nice, she managed instead to be almost unfriendly toward John Demetrius.

"Betty." Mother was sitting on the porch with Stewie, a letter in her hand. "Ann Malin arrives today."

"That's nice," Betty said coolly. Usually she enjoyed Ann's annual visit, but this year the prospect left her cold.

"Ann will be here and Dad will be up for the weekend, so it would be fun to have a party after the tournament Saturday," her mother announced. "How does it sound?"

The party sounded better and

better as they talked about it. Dad would drive them into town to a movie. On the way home, they'd stop at the Inn for dinner. And finally they'd end up dancing at the cottage. Briefly Betty forgot about Sandy, John, and Wendy. But down at the court with Stewie a little while later, she had reason to remember.

John was playing a game with Wendy, and Sandy stood behind her, advising and correcting. Even from where Betty sat, Wendy looked good.

"The only way I'll beat her," Betty admitted to herself grimly, "is by stepping up my serves and varying them, and I never can unless Sandy tells me what I'm doing wrong. But I'll be darned if I'll ask him!"

From the direction of the cottage, someone was shouting her name. It was Ann, and Betty gasped as Ann drew near. What a difference a year makes! Since last summer Ann had blossomed out from a lanky carrot-top into a rounded lovely with a crown of shining, red-gold curls.

That wasn't the only change, Betty discovered. Ann, who used to be content to trail Betty and Sandy as docilely as Stewie did, had developed poise and personality. Sandy, after one look, whistled long and low.

"Hubba, hubba," he exclaimed. Then he became tongue-tied.

Sandy seemed unable to untie his tongue in the days that followed. Sandy, who scoffed at girls and their silly crushes, trailed Ann, but before he could stammer an invitation for tennis or canoeing, two other boys would walk off with her. Even though one of the boys was apt to be John Demetrius, Betty enjoyed seeing that Sandy never had a minute alone with Ann. Besides, there was the sweet compensation of seeing Wendy meet some competition on her own grounds.

"Now if I could only offer her some competition at the tournament," Betty worried one morning as she rested on the bench at the court.

"Hi, Betty." Sandy sat down, gloomily. "Where's Ann?"

"Oh, around. With John or Bruce or Tommy—or maybe with all three."



Lucky is the word for 15-year-old Mattie Lie, seated right, youngest daughter of United Nations Secretary General Trygve Lie. Being behind the scenes while the U.N. is making history is the most exciting thing that's happened to her. Here she is with her mother and sisters soon after they arrived from Norway. Press Association Photo

"Betty, does—" Sandy pulled the words out as painfully as though they were splinters in his finger—"does—Ann ever say anything about, well, me?"

"Listen, I can tell you anything you want to know about yourself!" Betty declared, as she stepped behind the serving line and started to practice again.

Betty noted that in spite of the disconsolate slump to Sandy's shoulders, he was watching her with interest.

"Sandy," Betty almost croaked the word because of the effort it took to swallow her pride. "What am I doing wrong?"

Surprise, relief, and pleasure were all mixed on Sandy's face. His shoulders straightened, and suddenly he was in command again.

"Your grip is wrong and your footwork is terrible and you don't follow through . . ." Sandy was standing next to her, directing, scolding.

But an hour later, when Betty dropped on the bench, he handed her the tennis balls as though they were a gold cup. "Nice going, Campbell," he praised gruffly.

"Nice coaching, Campbell." Betty smiled up appreciatively. "I'll recommend you to Ann."

The next few days flew, and every free minute Betty tore down to the court to practice serves. Somehow, Sandy always managed to be there to continue coaching.

"Stop being a dog in the manger," Betty's conscience nudged. "Give Sandy a break."

Saturday morning, before she started off to practice, Betty picked up Ann.

"Come on down and play a game with me," Betty invited.

Betty felt a glow of pleasure when she saw that Sandy was at the court before them—alone. When Betty approached with Ann, Sandy lifted his right eyebrow just a fraction. Betty smiled at the old signal they hadn't used for so long. It meant, "Thanks, Campbell. Turnabout is fair play." As she swung her racket and sent the ball spinning dizzily across the net, Betty wondered how Sandy meant to repay her this time.

At last it was time for the tournament. Betty progressed effortlessly to the finals, but uneasiness gripped her when she saw that Wendy, too, had reached the finals. By the time Betty took her place at the service line, all her hard-won confidence had evaporated. She stared nervously across the net to where Wendy stood.

Betty gripped the racket. Wendy's flamboyant tennis suit stirred her to anger and John's obvious interest in the match filled her with determination. "Remember what Sandy said—watch your grip—footwork—follow through . . ." she reminded herself. Betty forgot the spectators, forgot Wendy, forgot everything but the round white ball that kicked up the dust of the court each time she slammed it, or lobbed, or sent a backhand swiftly to the base line.

"Point. Game. Set!" Someone was calling out the score and Betty wiped the perspiration from her forehead. Wendy Bennett was walking toward the net, hand outstretched.

"Congratulations, Betty," Wendy said stiffly. Before Betty could say a word, Sandy and John were on the court, enthusiastically congratulating her.

"What a game! What form!" The warmth and admiration in John's voice made Betty want to whoop with joy. Sandy was thumping her on the shoulder,

and Wendy had disappeared. Betty wasn't even conscious of walking back to the cottage with John and Sandy.

Betty slid her head through her favorite yellow cotton, deliciously anticipating the party. She heard the gang shouting to her and she ran swiftly out the front door. But the smile was stiff on her lips when she reached the station wagon. Wendy Bennett was in the car already, sitting on John Demetrius' lap! All the way to town, Betty struggled to make gay answers to the gang, but Wendy's affected laughter kept getting in her way.

When they piled out in front of the movie, Betty half imagined she heard John sigh with relief, but in the movie he sat next to Wendy. By the time the gang was settled around the dinner table at the Inn, Betty was really forcing herself to play hostess and to smile and joke. Somehow Wendy had juggled the place cards so that she sat next to John and monopolized his attention.

Betty was grateful when dinner finally ended and they all started back to the station wagon. She looked up wistfully at the full moon that hung low in the sky.

"Betty," Sandy was practically hissing in her ear, "get in next to John quick."

Betty looked at him in surprise. "How about Wendy?"

"John doesn't want to sit with Wendy." Sandy was steering her toward the car. "John doesn't like moviestars."

"Sandy Campbell!" Betty gasped accusingly. "What about the bathing suit?"

Sandy's face was sheepish. "He said someone ought to tell Wendy where you buy your suits, so she could get a decent one." Sandy almost pushed Betty down next to John, and then he slid in the station wagon quickly beside Ann, banged the door, and the car started.

"Let's sing," John said, and he smiled at Betty with an expression that made her forget Wendy who was glowering from the jump seat.

Sandy was bellowing happily, "The Campbells are coming . . ." Betty grinned to herself in the darkness and joined in with real enthusiasm.



"I'll say one thing in Homer's favor—he's a boy."

CALLING ALL GIRLS



Dog Foot—You've heard about wearing dog collars around your throat as chokers and around your wrists as bracelets, but how about wearing 'em around your legs as garters? When you put on your wool socks, don't fold them down, but leave the tops up. Buckle a smart dog collar around the top, and there you are! The latest for Garter Gertie.—*Ardis Vetesk, Jackson, Mich.*

Beadecorated—The beads and ornaments you put on your comb will stay firm if you sew a piece of felt to the comb and then sew the decorations to that.—*Wilma Foren, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Cancan—There must be a large unopened can of somethin' or other in your house. When you are ready to use the contents, open it carefully with a good opener so there are no rough edges and clean the can well. Then paste your favorite pictures on every which way until the can is covered. Shellac the whole thing, and you have a waste-paper basket which is both useful and fun to look at.—*Shirley Daniels, Cincinnati, Ohio.*



TRICKS for TEENS



Easy Slippers—Why not make your own comfortable slippers that are quicker-than-quick to slip on and off? Trace your foot on a piece of heavy cardboard and then cut out the tracing. Place this on a piece of sturdy material and cut out another "foot" to cover the cardboard, making sure you have an extra half-inch margin of material. Sew this cover onto the cardboard foot with a large needle. Then take an attractive potholder and sew it to both sides across the instep. Here are slippers that are simple to make and easy to wear or pack.—*Janet Hems, Clifton, N. J.*

Quick Cleaner—Cut two small oblong mits from an old washcloth or towel, about six inches by four inches, stitch closely together, and put small pieces of soap in it.

All you have to do when it is completed is to use it like any washcloth—two in one!—*Shirley Olsen, Iron Mountain, Mich.*

Summer Has Cum In—And leg make-up is fine to give your legs that sheen, but there's nothing like cutting off the bottom of an old pair of stockings to ease foot-burn and keep your toes from sticking out of toeless shoes. If you sew a rolled edge on these footies, you won't have any dangling threads showing. You might even paint a red nail on the stocking foot at the open part of your shoe for effect!—*Anna Pignone, Somerville, Mass.*

The Heat's Off—Until Jack Frost appears, you can use your radiator top as a whatnot stand. Find a piece of board that fits the top of your radiator and cover it with plain material or paint it a gay color. Then make a skirt for the radiator from a piece of chintz or other stiff material. Tack the skirt onto the board with thumb-tacks, and you're ready to arrange your knickknacks. This makes a good bookshelf or vanity top, too.—*Jane Paty, Tuscaloosa, Ala.*



\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address: Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. A winner becomes the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

GETTING AHEAD IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 19)

Grant was labeled medium-good, and roved from studio to studio before he got that role in "Topper." Joan Fontaine was fluffed off by a whole string of studios until she made "Rebecca."

But anyway, each starlet must go through the same grinding period of training. And any girl trying to carve a career in the flickers throws herself into the project to the complete exclusion of everything else.

Diction is often the toughest of the hurdles. Talking for films and talking chitchat are two tremendously different things. Little tricks of speech can be murder on a sound track, especially distinctly sectional accents. Sue England's trouble was losing the clarity of some sounds somewhere in the back of her throat, like the sound of "I". Her diction teacher gave her lists of words that harped on these sounds, and Sue studied endlessly until she licked them.

The diction teacher's biggest headache isn't with kids who underact or can't act at all, but toning down the daisies who can't say even, "Have you read any good books lately?" without great dramatic undertones. Two of the greatest tests of good acting are reputed to be saying, "I love you," and, "I believe in God"—saying them with feeling but without ham. Just try them out in front of your mirror. Right at the start each girl gets it drummed into her to speak her lines in a talking-along sort of way, and she's taught to develop the ability to listen to herself as she talks. Each starlet gets a report card which is dished out to the studio bosses who examine it carefully.

It's not only how she sounds, but how she looks when she's sounding. Most people have weird little affectations, like scrunching their eyebrows together, creasing their foreheads into worried wrinkles, gnawing at their lips. All these mannerisms must be shelved by any girl who's aiming for the screen, or used only when they give punch to what's she's saying. The girls carry on long

conversations with themselves while sitting in front of a mirror, eagle-eyed for slips.

How's your posture? Easy does it. Starlets are taught to keep their chins straight, heads erect, to straighten out their torsos, relax their shoulders. Nix on lurching their weight from one foot to the other, and on toeing in or out. If a girl is harboring a delusion that it's alluring to develop a tricky walk, she's soon jolted out of it.

Hands are a problem, both to you and to a starlet. It's hard to figure out where to distribute them. Starlets are rapped on the knuckles if they fiddle with dress buttons or pockets, or doodle with their hair, fold their arms or stand around with their hands on their hips. The secret is to ignore their hands, the gals are told—just to let them hang easily at their sides. This was a feat that had Joseph Cotten buffaloed for a long time, and he resorted to wearing gloves so he couldn't shove his hands in his pockets.

Sitting down becomes astoundingly complex when you're fixing to do it in front of a movie audience. How to approach a chair and deposit herself in it and sit in it—all are put on a formula basis for the starlet.

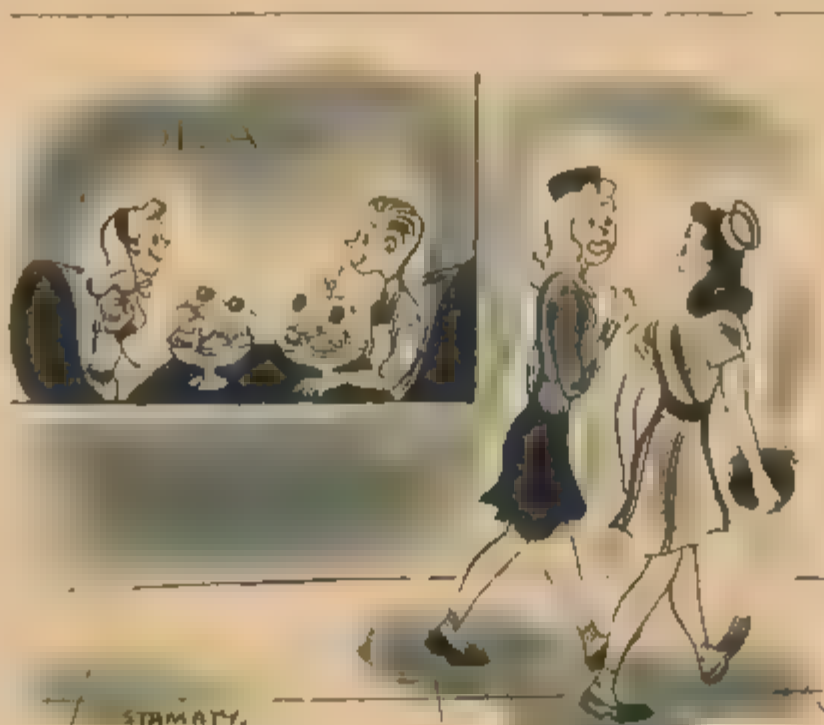
There's a formula, too, and a strenuous one, for keeping fit. Nowadays a starlet is put on an exercise and health routine that makes your gym class workout

seem a pushover by comparison. If she needs to pare a few pounds, a doctor decides how to do it, and she follows his advice—or else. Sue England had a fondness for munching candy bars at odd hours, a habit her studio promptly vetoed. Nor can a young hopeful go in for the glitter of night life, except when the studio dictates that an appearance would be good publicity.

Everything she learns is put into high gear under the direction of the drama coach, who directs the gals in presentations of skits and scenes from plays and movies. The way each girl handles her role is given a going over not only by the teacher but by the other starlets. Each player has to grapple with the gamut of characterizations, for Hollywood is getting smarter and doesn't "type" people who can really act, the way they used to. Think of the varied roles Jennifer Jones has polished off—in "The Song of Bernadette," "Love Letters," "Duel in the Sun," and "Cluny Brown." No typing there, certainly. Ditto with Gene Tierney. Of course, if a girl is just a photogenic personality and not much else, she's typed to begin with.

Things like hair and make-up gobble up a lot of time. It's fun to haul off and have your hair done for Saturday's dance. It's no fun at all to sit and sit while some hairdresser mauls your mop into a dozen different patterns until he hits on the one for you. And maybe you think posing for a series of publicity shots is a nice easy way to spend a morning? A starlet has to pose in bathing suits, evening dresses, or jumping through a hoop if any of the publicity boys should decide to cook up such an idea!

It's a tough program. And even though the starlet studies like a little beaver, chances are excellent that she'll never zoom to stardom. Or even nab pint-sized parts. But each starlet figures, "May I'll be the one. Maybe it'll be me." That's the big hope that makes all the hard work worth while.



"I knew him when he could only afford to give me a lick off an ice-cream cone."

CALLING ALL GIRLS

MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 17)

She was wearing a light blue bathrobe. Her hair hung down her back in two long braids with a blue bow tied around each one. Her dark eyes shifted nervously from Connie to Peggy and back again.

"I just thought I'd see if you had everything you needed," she said in a low, vibrant voice.

"Everything's practically perfect," Peggy bubbled.

"Won't you come in?" Connie followed Elizabeth over to the chair and perched on the arm beside her.

Elizabeth smiled uncertainly. "As a matter of fact," she confessed, "I really came up to ask a favor." She twisted the cord of her bathrobe. "I heard you mention at dinner that you were stopping at Brighton tomorrow night. And I wondered if you'd deliver a letter for me there."

"Why, of course," Connie answered promptly. "To whom does it go?"

"The name's on the envelope—Frank Drake. And you'll have to give it to him in person." Elizabeth pulled a small white envelope out of her pocket. "No one must know about it."

"Mum's the word," Peggy promised, nodding her head vigorously.

"I'm very grateful." For the first time Elizabeth gave them a real smile. "I suppose you're puzzled by all this mystery. Frankly, I am, too. You see, my parents and Frank's father haven't spoken to each other in over twenty-five years. In the beginning, it had something to do with my aunt, who was killed in a train crash during the first World War. And then there were fights over property and money, and the whole thing built up into a feud. I don't know why, and Frank doesn't either. But we're in love with each other, and that's all that matters." She handed the envelope to Connie and got to her feet. "I'd like to force a showdown, but Frank's very loyal to his father. He doesn't want to hurt him." She opened the door. "And now I'll get out of here and let you get some sleep."

"Poor thing," Connie sighed sympathetically as Elizabeth's footsteps disappeared down the stairs. "She's like a wire pulled too tight." She slid the letter into her purse and snapped it shut.

Peggy had gone back to her interrupted efforts to fit the knob on the bedpost. She stiffened sud-

denly. "Connie! Just look at this!" A delicate chain with a gold band at the end of it dangled from her hand. "It was hanging on a nail inside the bedpost."

"What is it?" Connie reached for the band and examined it curiously. "Why, it's a wedding ring, Peg." She twirled it between her thumb and forefinger. "And there's an inscription inside. Let's see." Holding the ring over the lamp, she read haltingly, "'Seth, Julie: Ruth 1:16.'" She straightened up and stared at Peggy.

"What do you think that means?"

"I don't know. It's a cinch we're digging up family skeletons."

"Seth, Ruth, and Julie," Connie repeated. "I wonder who they are and what happened to them."

"And I wonder if there's any connection between them and the feud Elizabeth was talking about."

"If there is, we'll never find out about it." Connie hung the chain back on the nail inside the bedpost and screwed the knob on top. "This time it isn't any of our business," she decided.

"Calamity Connie reformed," giggled Peggy. "Cap and Stub would have loved to hear you say that."

But the reformation of Connie

was doomed from the start. And through no fault of her own.

She and Peggy and Cap and Stub dawdled at the farm most of the next day and stopped for dinner outside of Brighton. When they arrived at the inn, which was operated by their Brighton hosts, the townspeople were already gathering for Saturday night folk dancing. The four from Central

City hurried upstairs to wash up and change their clothes. The girls came down first, and Peggy waited at the foot of the stairs while Connie trotted off to find out about Frank Drake.

"That's Frank over there by the fireplace," Connie said on her return. She sat on the step beside Peggy. "He's the tall redheaded one with all the freckles. The gray-haired man next to him is his father."

"What should we do?" Peggy squinted anxiously at the Drakes. "We can't just walk up and give the letter to him with his father right there."

"Maybe the boys can figure a way to do it."

"No." Peggy shook her head. "They think we're meddling as it is, just delivering the letter." She chewed thoughtfully on her thumbnail. "You could ask him to dance and then slip it to him on the floor."

"That's a super idea." Connie thumped Peggy on the back. "Here's the letter."

"You do it, Connie." Peggy's cheeks turned crimson. "I'd be embarrassed."

"Nope." Connie beamed at her. "It's a great idea, Peg, and you thought of it. Go ahead." She pressed the letter into Peggy's hand, watched her square her shoulders, walk up to Frank, say something, then follow him into the line-up for a Virginia Reel. Connie leaned back against the bannister and closed her eyes, as the caller took over:

"Honor your partners and the lady on the left!

All join hands and circle to the left!"

"Jeepers, can you tie that? Get a load of our Peg!"

Connie jumped as Cap and Stub materialized behind her. Her eyes opened wide.

"Golly, you startled me. I didn't hear you come down."

Cap poked her chin playfully. "What are you doing, wallflower? Dreaming of Prince Charming?"

"Sure—you." Connie grinned at Cap, then followed Stub's gaze to the dance floor where Frank was whirling Peggy around and around.

Cap suddenly pointed to Peggy who was slipping out the front door with Frank. "She's deserting you, fella," he informed Stub.

"She'll be back. You two get into the next reel. I'll wait here."



Stub sat down on the bottom step. When Cap and Connie returned, flushed from the dance, Stub hadn't moved a muscle. "I'm going after her," he announced grimly. "She may need help."

Cap's eyes twinkled. "We're with you, friend. Lead on."

And Stub led on—out the door, along the porch, around the building. In the shadows at one end of the porch, they spotted Peggy, perched on the railing. Frank was looking into her face.

Peggy greeted them, her eyes wide with excitement. "Guess what, Connie," she bubbled. "Elizabeth's aunt who started the feud was called Julie. And what's more, Frank's father's name is Seth."

"No kidding." Connie could hardly believe her ears. "How about Ruth? Who's she?"

Frank scowled thoughtfully. "Never heard of her," he said.

Cap threw up his hands in a gesture of disgust. "What goes on here?" he demanded. "Who is this guy? Who are Seth and Ruth and Julie? And what does Elizabeth have to do with them?"

"It all started with the letter, Cap," Connie explained patiently. "We told you about that. And then the ring." Connie outlined the whole story in detail. "It doesn't make much sense, I suppose," she finished up lamely, "but there must be a connecting link some place. If we could just find out about Ruth..."

"Does Elizabeth know about this ring?" Frank broke in.

"No, we didn't think it was any of our business and..."

"I'll tell you what, then," Frank's gray eyes were serious. "Elizabeth's meeting me at the summerhouse on the old Dunstan place tomorrow at two o'clock. She said so in the note. She'll help if she can, I know. She's always wanted a showdown. And I was afraid of it. Ever since Mother died, Father's been so dependent on me that I hesitated to hurt him. But if we don't clear this thing up, we'll have to walk out on our families, and that would be worse." He pulled out a scrap of paper and a pencil and drew a rough map. "You kids meet us at the summerhouse."

Maybe Elizabeth can fill in the blanks, if we tell her about the ring." He shook hands all around, turned quickly and headed back to the house as heavy footsteps sounded on the porch.

Mr. Drake rounded the corner just as Frank disappeared. He nodded to Peggy and wandered on across the lawn, his shoulders slumped.

"I feel sorry for him," Connie whispered. "He doesn't look as if he'd hurt a fly."

But she changed her mind the following afternoon as she led the gang up the hill to their rendezvous. A man leaped up in the summerhouse, peered down at them, and called out in a loud, gruff voice, "That you, Frank?"

Connie froze in her tracks. Then, turning swiftly, she raced for the nearest clump of bushes and dived in. Peggy, Cap, and Stub plunged after her. Without stopping for any exchange of words, they made their way through the shrubbery, collecting scratches, cuts, and bruises as they ran. At last they stopped and Connie leaned weakly against a tree.

"We're—far—enough—away—now," she gasped breathlessly. "That was Seth Drake, all right. He must have intercepted the letter. He sounded very angry."

"Who cares?" Stub collapsed on the ground. "Maybe he'll kill Elizabeth and turn Frank into a humming bird and we can go on with our bike trip in peace."

"You're heartless," Peggy faced

him, her hands sternly on her hips.

"Never mind that," Cap's lips were tight. "If Mr. Drake meets Elizabeth and Frank at the summerhouse, there's going to be trouble. Are we going to let it happen?"

"No!" chorused Peggy and Connie.

"No," echoed Stub weakly.

"Then we've got to head them off," Cap turned to Stub. "You and Peggy hotfoot it back to Brighton and tell Frank to go home. Connie and I'll stop Elizabeth."

Stopping Elizabeth was easy—a mere matter of planting themselves in the middle of the road until she slammed on the brakes. But making her turn back was something else again. She was all for facing Seth Drake and having it out with him.

"But you can't do that," Cap insisted, jumping on the running board.

Connie hopped in the car and turned off the ignition. "Frank would be furious."

Elizabeth covered her face with her hands. "It's been going on for a year now," she said in a muffled voice. "The lying, the sneaking out of the house, the secret meetings. And I can't stand it any longer. We've got to settle it, whether Frank wants to hurt his father or not." Suddenly she lifted her head. "What were you kids doing at the summerhouse anyway?" she asked suspiciously.

"Frank asked us to come. He wanted to tell you about the wedding ring," Connie went over the whole story again. "We figured that if you knew who Ruth was..."

"Julie, Seth, Ruth 1:16!" Elizabeth frowned. "An inscription on a wedding ring." Suddenly she straightened up and turned to Cap. "Hop in the car. We're going back to the farm to get to the bottom of this."

When they reached the house, Elizabeth motioned to Connie and Cap to follow her, and stamped into the living room. A small, determined figure, her eyes blazing, she faced her parents.

"I want to know the story of the feud between the Parkers and (Continued on page 48)



"Somehow Beethoven isn't really better in boogie."

CALLING ALL GIRLS



Forgotten, Sis?
That's what
you think!

EVERY DAY the same old story. No mail. Won't *somebody* please remember Polly?

Oh, but everyone *does*. They remember her for something she *forgot*—that underarms need special care to keep a girl bath-fresh and sweet.

It's a fact, honey: a bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum—the dependable deodorant—prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*.

So take 30 seconds and top off your bath with Mum. Let Mum help to guard your charm all day or evening. Then go claim your share of fun and friends.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won't irritate skin or harm fabrics—is approved by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. And you can smooth Mum on even *after* you're dressed. So get yourself a jar of Mum today.



MUM

MUM HELPS TO MAKE A MISS A HIT

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 46)

the Drakes," she demanded in clipped tones.

Amy Parker darted a frightened look toward Luke. Poker-faced, he nodded.

"Sit down, dear," Amy said gently.

Elizabeth didn't move. "Connie," she called over her shoulder. "Get the ring."

Her heart beating like a trip-hammer, Connie raced up the steps to the attic, unscrewed the knob on the bedpost, and carefully drew out the ring. Halfway down the stairs again, she stopped, her knees buckling. Seth Drake's voice boomed from the living room.

"It doesn't matter what you or I feel, Luke Parker," he was saying gruffly. "Our children love each other. Are you going to stand in their way as your father stood in mine?"

Connie didn't hear Luke's answer. Somehow she managed to walk calmly down the rest of the stairs and into the living room. She handed the chain to Amy Parker.

"It's a wedding ring," she mumbled, "Peg and I discovered it by accident."

She backed away and joined Cap and Peggy and Stub who were standing in bewildered silence.

Amy Parker looked down at the ring, her lips trembling. "They were married," she repeated over and over again. "They were married and you never knew it. Nobody knew it."

Connie was puzzled. She shifted her glance around the room, her eyes resting on Elizabeth and Frank, who sat hand in hand on the sofa. "I don't get it," she said finally in a loud whisper.

Later, when Amy Parker had poured tea for everyone and Luke had passed the cake and cookies, the whole story was explained.

"Julie was my sister," Luke said, sitting back in his armchair. "She was only sixteen when she fell in love with Seth Drake. They wanted to be married, but my parents felt they were too young to know their own minds.

Julie countered by refusing to eat. My parents were desperate, and decided to take her away one day when Seth was out of town on business. I was in the Army, so that's all I know. They called me and told me about it on the phone. I arrived at the station from my camp near here just as the train was pulling out. Evidently Julie hadn't realized what was happening to her until she was actually on the train. She was frightened, I could see. 'Tell Seth,' she said through the train window, and the rest was drowned out as the train lurched forward." He rubbed his hand over his cheek. "I never saw her again. They were all killed in a crash two hours later. I went back to camp, was shipped overseas before I could see Seth. When I came home, it was too late."

Seth picked it up there. "I came back to find that Julie had been killed. She had left no messages for me, and I never guessed she'd been forced to go away. We'd been married secretly, and I thought she'd regretted the step and had deserted me. My pride was badly hurt, I guess. Luke tried to see me. That was after I'd married Frank's mother. I insulted him in public; I brought suit against him for some property we owned jointly. I didn't want to talk to him. I knew it would be about Julie, and I didn't

even want to think about her."

"So you see," smiled Amy Parker, passing the cookies to Connie, "you and your friends have broken a twenty-five-year-old mystery. And I'm certainly glad. By the time I married Luke, the feud had developed so far that there wasn't much I could do, except to keep them apart socially. And, that was no easy job."

"Well, it's all over now," Frank smiled into Elizabeth's eyes. "And to prove it, we want to use Julie's ring when we get married."

Promising to come back in time for the wedding, Connie and her gang left the next morning.

"I'll never forget those people," Connie told Cap as they pedaled along the road. "That's one mystery I wanted to stay out of and couldn't."

"You never can," Cap countered.

"You're like a mystery magnet."

"You say the nicest things," Connie teased. "What's the matter, Peg?"

Peggy had leaped off her bike. "I just remembered. We never did find out who Ruth was."

"Ever hear of this before?" Connie smiled. "'And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

"Sure," exclaimed Stub. "That's from the Bible. The Book of Ruth."

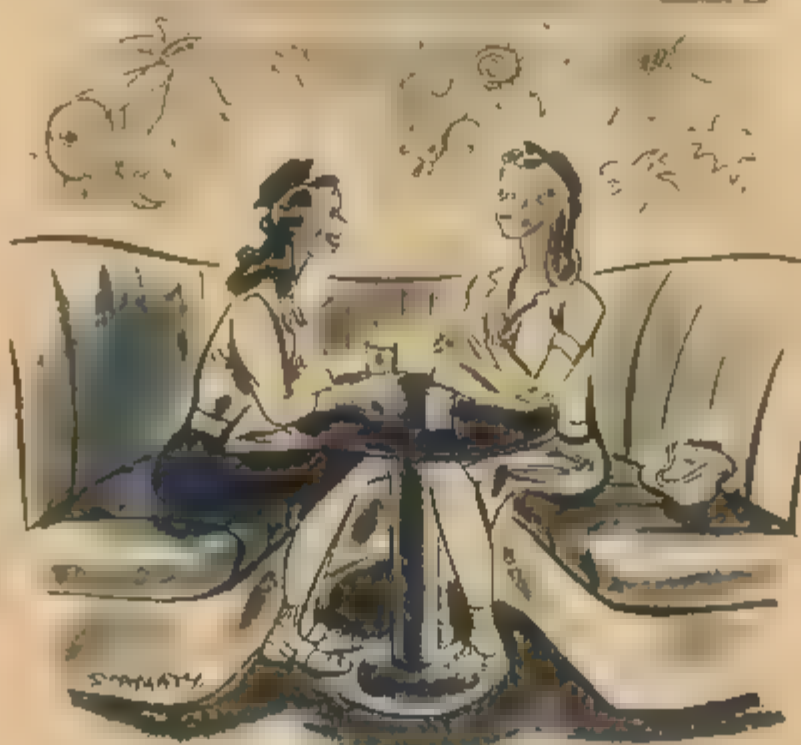
"Uh-huh," Connie nodded. "Elizabeth knew what it meant right away. She'd inherited Julie's Bible, and that was one of the marked passages."

"My goodness," giggled Peggy, getting back on her bike. "And we thought it was a real person."

"There are people like that," Cap said quietly. He smiled at Connie. "You'll be like that when you grow up."

Connie felt a warm glow spread over her. "You are nice, Cap," she said softly.

And they both pedaled fast to catch up with Peggy and Stub.



"I love the demitasse they serve here, but they use such tiny cups."

CALLING ALL GIRLS

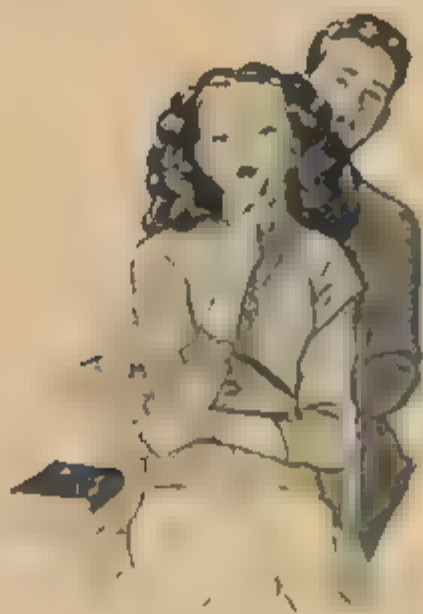
Are you in the know?



Which is a "must" in leg make-up?

- ☐ Defuzzing
- ☐ Debumping
- ☐ Artful application

S-m-o-o-t-h is the word for glamour-gama. So whisk off the "whiskers" with a good depilatory. Discourage bumps with soap-and-water scouring; soften your legs with lotion. Then apply make-up artfully, following directions with care. (See? Each answer above is right!) It's all part of a gal's grooming ritual. And so is keeping dainty... especially on "difficult" days. You know, Kotex contains a *deodorant*... locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. Don't overlook this new Kotex safeguard for your daintiness!



What's the cure for this coiffure?

- ☐ An upsweep
- ☐ A shooed
- ☐ A good thinning out

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! What's the cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect or too many curls just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If your locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Self-confidence goes with good grooming... and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. You're confident because your secret's safe—thanks to Kotex sanitary napkins.



If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

- ☐ A suit
- ☐ A conversation print
- ☐ A fancy formal

Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Well, then, pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion and mood. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep *comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness... made to *stay soft while wearing*. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on the dance floor, should you—

- ☐ Join the wallflowers
- ☐ Retreat to the dressing-room
- ☐ Yoo-hoo to the stag line

A solid joe would know better, but if ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying *days* often do... but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!



A DEODORANT in every Kotex® napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX®
than all other sanitary napkins

THE MYSTERY AT BLUE VALLEY FARM

(Continued from page 32)

the end running around the side.

Liss and Andy watched Ian get out of the car, walk up the brick path and turn the knob on the white door. As Ian flung the door wide, Liss could see a man rise from a desk. After that there was a long wait.

The house was too solidly built, and too far away, for them even to make out voices inside.

"Do you suppose he'll tell us what it's all about when he comes back?" Andy asked hopefully. She squirmed on the seat, and stretched slim legs that had begun to cramp. "Why don't we get out and wander around a bit?"

For an answer, her twin opened the door and swung herself out.

"Let's go look at the roses over there. They seem to be something pretty special."

"I'd choose these little yellow ones," Liss had just said wistfully when a strange, sharp sound, like a small explosion or the splintering of glass, came from the red-brick building across the garden. Both Andy and she spun about.

Andy's lips were pursed for a small scream when Liss' fingers closed suddenly on her arm and jerked her swiftly into the shrubs.

A short, wiry man had come out of the office and paused, his head half turned to face them, as if he were listening to something in the room he had left. The man's next move was startling. He closed the door, inserted a key in the lock and turned it. Then he pocketed the key and walked over to the black sedan and got in. Ian had left his keys dangling from the ignition lock, and the next moment the sedan was moving swiftly up the drive until it disappeared around some trees at the bend.

Andy said in a frightened voice, "Liss, something's awfully wrong. He—he's stealing Ian's car!"

"Yes, and what's Ian doing?" Liss retorted. "He wouldn't have gone out by some back way and left us here. And if he's still inside, why did that man lock the door?"

"Maybe we'd better

do some investigating," Andy suggested, without much enthusiasm. They walked around the corner to the north side of the building where they discovered two large windows, their sills about three feet above the ground.

The window nearer them had been broken; glass lay all over the grass, and right at Andy's feet—as if it had been hurled with a good deal of violence—lay a heavy bronze paper weight.

Drawing closer, the girls peered through the glass. Just inside the window, Ian MacLeith lay stretched out motionless on the carpet, his face very white and his eyes closed. A second look showed them that his wrists and ankles were securely bound.

Liss pushed up the window frame. Then, bracing a foot against the foundation of the building, she climbed over the sill. Luckily, on the big desk near the window, there was a large pair of scissors. Liss caught it up hastily.

"Come on in and help," she commanded Andy, as she worked desperately to insert the blade beneath the tautly drawn twine that bound Ian's wrists.

Reluctantly, Andy climbed over the sill. "Suppose that man, Somers, comes back and finds us?"

"There's a bolt on the door," Liss said. "Go over and slide it. Then he can't get in that way. We'll have only the window to watch."

Andy went over to the door and slipped the iron bolt.

"There—his hands are free!"

Liss said in triumph. "Start working on those cords on his ankles."

With hands and feet freed at last, Ian still showed no signs of returning consciousness. There was a purpling bruise over his left eye, where something hard and heavy—perhaps the bronze paper weight they had seen on the grass outside—had struck him.

Liss sat back on her heels. "You'd better telephone Mr. Otis up at the big house," she said.

Obediently Andy lifted the receiver, and jiggled the hook for several seconds. "The line feels dead," she said, looking over at her twin with big, alarmed eyes. "Look, Liss—the wire's pulled clear away from the box!"

Liss got up hurriedly and came to see for herself. "That Somers wasn't taking any chances, was he?" she whispered unsteadily. "It puts it right up to us, Andy. We've got to divide forces. One of us has to stay near Ian, and the other must beat it up to the stables—you can see the stone roof from that window—and bring back help."

"Suppose—he comes back," Andy protested.

"I don't believe he's coming back," Liss retorted. "But you can go if you'd rather. I'll stay."

"B-but he drove the car up that way—I—I just can't, Liss! He's—dangerous!"

"Sure he is," Liss agreed. "But what are we going to do? Run off and leave Ian to maybe die here before help reaches him? No—I'll tell you what. You slip out-

side and hide in those bushes. They're close enough for you to keep an eye on Ian through the window. I'll run up to the stables. There'll be people there—nobody's going to harm me with a lot of witnesses around."

She did not wait for her twin's reply, but swung her long legs over the sill, and dropped soundlessly down on the grass. Andy, who had rushed to the window after her, saw only the bright flash of her blue jumper as it disappeared into the shrubbery.

(To be continued)



"If you don't want to go steady anymore—
why don't you just say so?"

CALLING ALL GIRLS

"Here's one for the book!"



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Brownie Reflex
 Synchro model

You see your subject in full picture size—sharp and clear—in the hooded viewfinder. You get 1½" square pictures, readily enlarged. Shoots 12 without reloading. Brownie Reflex, one of many cameras in the Kodak line, costs less than you think. See your dealer.

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America's favorite snapshots are
 made on Kodak Verichrome Film
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Kodak

JUST when we thought there couldn't be any more swoonderful surprises in store for CALLING ALL GIRLS Club members, what happens? Gimbels, Official Headquarters Store in New York, has a fashion show for its members and who do you suppose were the guest stars? Five Goldwyn girls, no less! They told Club members how they got where they are today. (And in case you're in the dark on that, they're with Danny Kaye in "The Kid from Brooklyn.")

And at Oreck's, Headquarters Store in Duluth, Minn., a huge birthday cake in the window announced that their CALLING ALL

CALLING ALL GIRLS CLUB NEWS

GIRLS Club was celebrating its second birthday with a big party.

We've seen copies of some of the newspapers a number of Clubs are starting, and they're dandies. The *Flash-ion News* keeps Club members at Herpolsheimers, Grand Rapids, Mich., up-to-date on Club and fashion news. That four-page tabloid-size monthly put out by CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs at Hale

Bros., Headquarters Stores in San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose, Calif., has news, stories, and features written by the girls themselves.

If you're near a store that sponsors the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio program, tune in and keep hep on fashions and fun. And in many Official Headquarters Stores (you may find one near you listed on page 66) you can register as a member of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club. None near-by? Then write to Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and maybe she can do something about it.



Left—Nadine Miller and Jim O'Brien, winners of the radio audition contest at Herpolsheimers, Headquarters in Grand Rapids, Mich., will appear on the *Calling All Girls* radio show there regularly. Here they're making their first broadcast with Nancy Pepper.



Right—At The Fair, Chicago, Club members heard Maxine Livingston, decorating editor of *Calling All Girls*. On the stage with Mrs. Livingston, left, are four Northwestern University co-eds who helped show how a small room can grow.



Above—First choice of Broadway shows they'd like to see was "Bloomer Girl," said Hi-Style Scouts when polled. So here they are with fashion editor Nancy Pepper as guests of the management. They're from Philadelphia, Pa. and from New Rochelle, Syracuse, Staten Island, Great Neck, New York City, St. Albans, and Jackson Heights, all in New York.

Right—When fashion editor Nancy Pepper visited Crowley, Milner, Headquarters in Detroit, Mich., Hi-Style Scouts gave her a birthday breakfast. Nancy's blowing out candles while (left to right) Mary Marin, Megan Couty, Shirley Warnke, Phyllis Kaitner, Patricia Semrau, Shirley Fowler, Lenora Smith, and Judy Lawler watch.





That master of breakfast-table banter, Dick Kollmar, met his match when Jenny Jabberwocky interviewed him on the *Calling All Girls* radio program recently. Dick's regular partner on "Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick," over Mutual's WOR, is wife Dorothy Kilgallen, columnist.



Above—Winners! Anita Benson, Jean Calkins, Marguerite Shoemaker, and Jeanne Hauck, who won first local honors in the *Calling All Girls* Jacquard Sweater Design Contest at The Fashion, Headquarters Store in Eau Claire, Wis., are shown with the announcer as they broadcast. Below—It was fun on wheels when the *Calling All Girls* Club of John A. Brown Co., Headquarters Store in Oklahoma City, staged a novel fashion show at the local roller rink. In the lead are Mom Burla Wilson and Pop Buddy McMillan, with models Jean Humphrey and Doris Griggs.



TRUE OR FALSE?

Most girls have a backache on "certain days" of the month!

FALSE. It isn't a backache, really. Doctors say it's just a sort of heaviness, natural at this time. It'll vanish!

The reason for this and other "signs" you may notice at "that time" is explained in the interesting pages of—"Growing Up and Liking It."

The bright, new booklet on the how and why of menstruation that every smart gal should read!

It's just packed with lively illustrations and smooth tricks on how to look your best, act your best, and feel your best—every day of the month!

Modess will send you a **FREE** copy—if you mail the coupon below!



TRUE OR FALSE?

A gal can't be sure of daintiness on "certain days"

You know that's false—if you know Modess! The new luxury napkin with the triple-proved deodorant.

'Cause soft, safe Modess helps keep you flower-dainty! Try it!

MODESS COMES TWO WAYS: Full size and Junior size. If you prefer a slightly narrower sanitary napkin, just ask for Modess Junior.

Get your Free copy! Send today!



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Box 349-D, Milltown, N. J.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, a **FREE** copy of "Growing Up and Liking It."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Age _____

JUDY WING

(Continued from page 24)

foot. But there was no sign of the children.

Suddenly Judy began climbing and set off in the direction of the school. Kay looked at her sharply and called, "You're not giving up!"

"Certainly not," Judy said. "I'm going back to refuel."

Back at the school, Judy snatched a quick lunch and was ready to take off as soon as Bob had the plane ready for her. She hadn't said a word to Kay about going up again, but Kay was there, waiting.

"Want to try it again?" Judy asked.

"Rather!" said Kay.

The sun had come back to stay now, and the air was light and warm. Judy felt new hope as she made the quick run down the field and took off into the blue. This time, surely, she'd have luck. But the afternoon wore on, and Judy's high spirits began to wane. She watched the fuel gauge anxiously. She'd have to turn back soon—even this low, slow flying used up fuel. She climbed a little, swept in a long, low circle over the edge of the woods below.

"Whoa-up!" Kay shouted suddenly. "There's something!"

Judy pulled the nose of the plane up and repeated the sweeping circle. Kay kept the glasses firmly on a little spot below, where something moved. She couldn't tell what it was at this distance, but with Judy's next dive, she cried excitedly, "That's it! Three kids! Three of 'em!"

"Good!" said Judy. "I see them. Kay, scribble a note on this package of food. Tell them to stay put. Then toss it down to them."

"They're waving!" Kay cried a moment later, after the food package had been hurled down. "They've got it! Oh, Miss Wing!"

"Mission completed!" said Judy happily. "Now if they'll just follow the directions on the package, the police can reach them in an hour or two."

She flew straight back to the school, and reported her success by phone to the state police.

"Fine. We'll go out right away. Hope they stay put until we get there," the trooper told her.

"They will," said Judy

confidently. "We put a note on the package telling them to."

"Yeah?" said the trooper doubtfully. "Well, the oldest is six—or seven. *Maybe* he can read."

"I'll keep checking," said Judy, and hung up.

That wasn't so good. It wasn't good at all. She turned away from the phone thoughtfully and stood staring out of her office window. There wasn't much she could do now but wait.

But waiting was a wearisome business. No use checking yet—it would take an hour or two before the trucks could get in to this area, and it might be some time after that before they could find the spot where the boys were—if they were still there. Judy tried to work at her desk, but she couldn't keep her mind on her charts and records. She flung out of the office and went out to the hangar.

And there she found Kay, standing alone, looking at the plane.

"I—I thought I'd—just like to look at it some more," Kay said, a little breathlessly, when Judy came up beside her.

"She is a beauty, isn't she?" Judy said quickly, pretending not to see the damp streaks on Kay's face. Kay didn't answer for a moment. She fumbled in her pocket, brought out a handkerchief, and turned away. Over her shoulder she said, "I guess I'll go back now and pack."

"You're leaving?" Judy asked.

"Tomorrow." Suddenly Kay turned around, and said in a quavery voice, "Miss Wing—I—I'd give anything if you'd let me stay!"

"Stay?" Judy echoed. "But you're off to conquer Broadway,

to start on a dazzling career."

"I—don't want to be an actress," Kay stammered. "I want to learn to fly."

"You'd like to come back as a student, is that it?" Judy asked.

Kay nodded, her eyes on Judy's.

"It wouldn't work out," Judy said firmly. "The rules are still the same, the work is just as hard, we haven't relaxed any of our discipline, Kay. And you haven't changed."

"But—I'm not this way really, Miss Wing!" Kay said desperately. "I just couldn't let you know how I felt about it. But all that stuff about Broadway, and getting m-married . . ."

"Was eyewash," said Judy. "I guessed that. I'm sorry, Kay. But flying isn't just a job—there's a spirit that goes with it . . ." She broke off. "It can't be put in words. If you had it, you'd know what I mean."

"I think I *do* know, Miss Wing," Kay said in a small voice. She turned away and walked slowly back to the dorm.

Judy busied herself seeing that her plane was ready for action in case she was needed again. She made rather more of a fuss about it than was necessary until Bob told her, "You just run along and leave this job to me. Trouble with you is you dusted off that Towler girl and now you're having conscience qualms."

"How right you are," Judy said grimly, "but this time I'm not taking chances."

When she reached her office, she checked again with the police. Still no news. It was dusk before the message came through. The searching party had made its way to the spot Judy had indicated, but there wasn't a sign of the children. Was she sure of her directions?

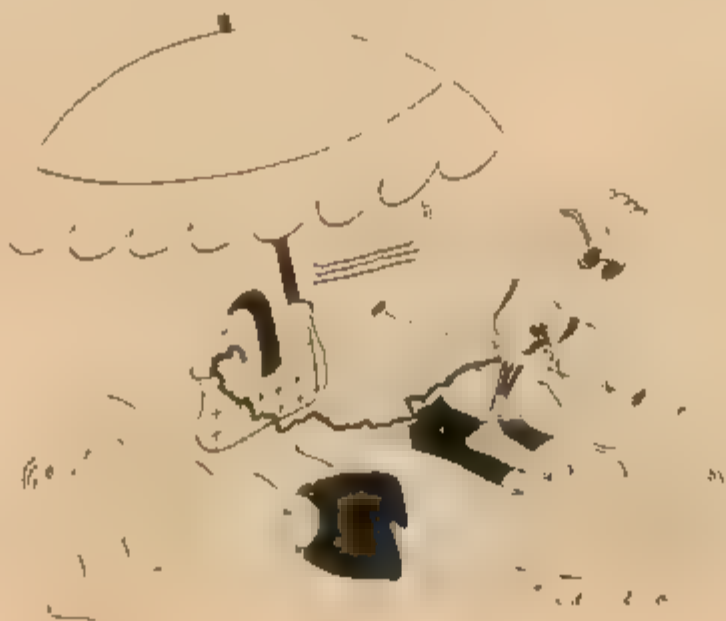
Judy flared up. "Yes, I'm sure. They can't have wandered far!"

"Three small kids can do anything," said the trooper.

"I want to join the searching party," Judy insisted, but the police wouldn't hear of it.

"You wait for word from us. If we don't find them, can you go up again as soon as it's light?"

"Of course," said



Judy. I'll be ready and waiting."

The next morning Judy didn't wait for the police to call. She rang them as soon as she was up, and learned the searching party had had no luck so far.

"Give me twenty minutes," Judy said. "I'll grab a bite of breakfast and take off."

When she stuck her head in at the kitchen door, she found the cook already spreading sandwiches for Judy to take along. Judy's breakfast was steaming on a corner of the kitchen table.

"Today you'll find 'em for sure," Cook said agreeably, chattering away as she added a mound of doughnuts to the sandwiches and wrapped the food into a sizable bundle.

Judy swallowed her coffee hastily and stood up. "Wish me luck, and I'll come back with good news," she called over her shoulder as she set off.

On her way to the hangar, she saw Mr. Barker's gray cat slinking quietly along beside the hedge.

"So you're back, Selina!" Judy greeted her. "That ought to be a sign of something—if I believed in signs."

Bob had the plane ready and was waiting beside it.

"Guess you can't discourage some people," he said, yawning, as Judy approached.

"Don't try," Judy warned him. "This time of the morning I need encouragement."

"Oh, I don't mean you," Bob said. "You've got a passenger."

"A passenger? Who?"

Bob jerked a thumb toward the plane. "Little gal you sent packing last night. She's been waiting half an hour."

Judy bounced toward the plane and climbed into the cockpit. Kay Towler gave her a beaming smile and shivered a little.

"I didn't know it could be so cold in the middle of summer," she said.

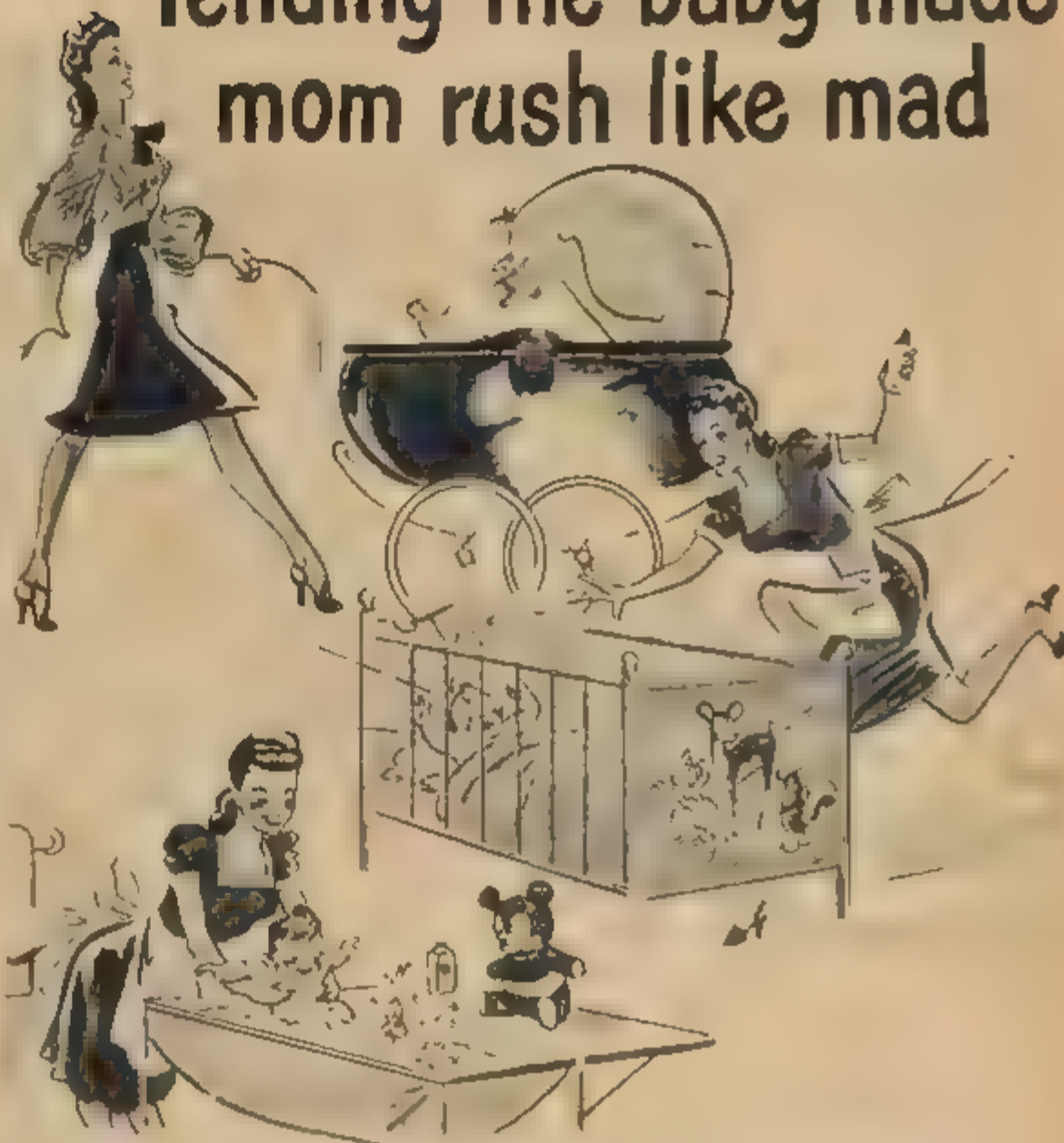
"What is this?" Judy asked, looking sharply at Kay's breeches and boots, the parachute strapped on her back.

"I knew you were alerted for early this morning," Kay said eagerly. "And I couldn't sleep. I've been thinking about—about those kids. They couldn't read the instructions—but this time, if we find them, I'm going to jump and stay right with them until the police get there."

"You're going to what?" Judy asked.

"Jump. I never have, I know, but I can do it—you said yourself

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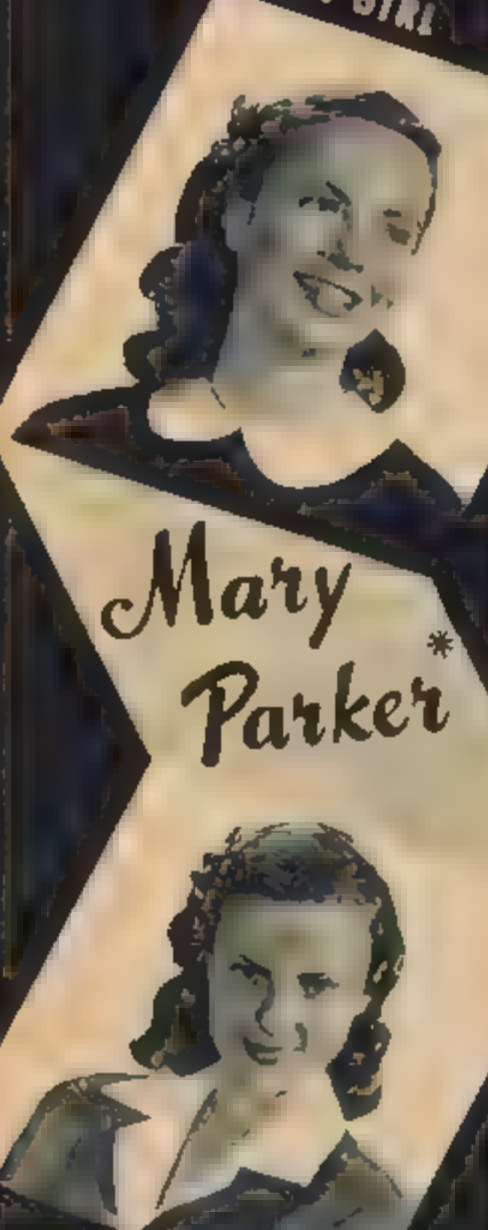
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anyone can if it's necessary. And I've got it all figured out."

"Well, you'd better unfigure it," Judy said firmly. "Jumping is no child's play. You'd better run along to bed."

Kay's chin set stubbornly. "I'm going with you, Miss Wing," she said, her tone just as firm as Judy's. "I can watch for them, and if we find them..."

Judy looked away quickly and busied herself with the motor. There was a pleased smile on her face, but when she turned to Kay again, she was very serious.

"You can come with me, now that you're here," she said. "But there'll be no jumping. Not that it isn't a good idea—but you might sprain an ankle or something, and I'm not going to let you take the chance."

This time Judy flew straight to the spot where she had seen the children the day before, and began circling the region. Before long, Kay had picked out the searching party, scattered and moving slowly around as if they'd lost direction themselves. Judy tipped a wing in salute to them, and Kay reported eagerly, "They're waving. I guess they'll get their pep back now that they see you're on the job."

Judy circled to the right, to the left, swooping down as close to the ground as she dared, while Kay anxiously surveyed the area for anything that seemed to be moving.

It was more than an hour before she cried out suddenly, "I've got 'em!"

Judy came down in a graceful dive, and had just time to spot three small figures straggling along between the boulders before she had to pull out to avoid ramming into the hill ahead.

"Miss Wing!" Kay called urgently. "Let me jump! Please!"

"Stay where you are!" Judy ordered. "The next time over, toss the food down. Then we're going to play games."

"Games!" Kay sounded completely outraged.

"Ah ha," said Judy mischievously. "Watch!"

As soon as the package had been dispatched, she began a beautiful game of tag in the air with an unseen "It." She swept back over the woods until she spotted the searching party again, then wheeled suddenly and flew back to the place where Kay had sighted the three boys. Back again to the searching party, a swift turn, and off again to the spot

where the boys were resting now, their attention apparently divided between the food and the roaring of the plane overhead. Back and forth Judy shuttled, hoping the searching party would follow. And at last they seemed to understand her zigzags.

"They're hep," Kay shouted. "They've started running in the right direction!"

Little by little, Judy shortened her flights until the vanguard of the party was in sight of the boys. Then, with a triumphant gleam in her eyes, she executed a neat barrel roll above the spot and started back toward the school.

"Whew!" said Kay when she could get her breath. "You fly a pretty good sign language, Miss Wing!"

Judy laughed excitedly. "An old bird trick, Kay!" she said. "And they got it! They got it!"

"But you could have tossed a note down to them, couldn't you?" Kay asked wonderingly.

"Oh—I suppose so," Judy said. "With a lot of stuff in it about 'due west half a mile, then south by southwest' in it. It was easier to show 'em—and we *did* show 'em!"

"If I could fly like that..." Kay burst out. But Judy didn't seem to hear her. They were back at the school, and she was giving sober attention to landing. She came in on a slow glide, leveled off, brought the stick back, and then she taxied slowly down the runway.

"Success?" asked Bob when the plane throbbed to a standstill and Judy and Kay climbed out.

Judy grinned. "Total, complete, and absolute!" she boasted.

"Wow!" said Bob, "triple, huh?"

"Triple it is," Judy answered. "Three days to do it in, three boys restored to their parents, and now what do you say we three go up to the dorm and see if Cook will give us another breakfast? I'm hungry!"

They linked arms and started racing across the field until Judy gave up, laughing. When she could catch her breath, she gave Kay a quick smile and turned to Bob.

"Guess who's come back to us," she said mischievously.

"Selina," said Bob dryly. "I saw her."

"Oh—Selina. I didn't mean her," Judy said. "Kay's back to stay."

"Yeah?" Bob gave her a side-long glance. "I sort of figured as much."

"Did you?" Judy's eyes twinkled. "Well, so did I."

HERE'S HOW TO WASH AND IRON A RAYON BLOUSE

(Continued from page 21)

a turkish towel to remove moisture quickly. If you plan to iron the blouse within a short time, leave it rolled in the towel. However, if a day or so is to elapse before you iron the blouse, remove it from the towel and roll it in rubber sheeting. Otherwise it will become too dry to iron. If you wish to wait as long as two days before ironing, place the rubber-wrapped blouse in the refrigerator to prevent mildew.

If your rayon blouse gets limp after repeated launderings, you can give it renewed body and freshness by adding a little gum arabic to the second rinse water. Thoroughly dissolve two teaspoonfuls of powdered gum arabic in a quart of warm water; then strain before using. You can buy gum arabic at your local drugstore at little cost. Another method of bringing a rayon blouse back to life is to starch it slightly. The only point to remember is that the starched blouse must be damper when ironed than the unstarched blouse.

Ironing success depends mainly on the temperature of the iron.

Keep it on the cool side for rayon. A hot iron will stick to acetate rayon, making it shiny and sometimes even melting a hole in the fabric. You should start with an almost-cool iron and if it isn't heat-controlled, watch carefully to prevent overheating. Iron smooth-textured rayon blouses on the wrong side, sleeves and all, to eliminate sheen.

Do the yoke and sleeves of the blouse first, inserting a felt sleeve pad between the layers of material to prevent creasing. You can make a sleeve pad by cutting out four 8 by 20-inch strips of table felt and sewing them together, one over the other. Because of the thickness of the pad, the strips should be sewn together loosely or they may buckle. Make a case out of any cotton material you may have and slip it over the pad, both for cleanliness and to create a smooth ironing surface. Photographs 6 and 7 on page 21 show the sleeve pad very clearly; you can see it in action in pictures 3 and 4 on page 20.

The lapel, collar, and ties or bows are ironed next. Now come

around to the front of the blouse and iron it, first on the wrong side and then on the right to assure a neat blouse front. Using a pressing cloth on the right side will assure a dull finish.

Continue ironing by rotating from buttonhole edge around the back and to the button side of the blouse. Take it easy, for bumping the iron into the buttons may distort them, or poke holes in the fabric. Go easy, too, when ironing the seams of the blouse; too much pressure will cause glazing of the finish and may break the threads.

Like everything else, ironing is easier when you do it correctly. So study the technique illustrated in the pictures on pages 20 and 21. This procedure is approved by the head of the Laundry Department of the General Electric Consumers' Institute, who supervised the photography. It may require a little practice before you view your handiwork with the same delight the young lady shows in picture 7, but your efforts will soon be rewarded with beautifully turned-out blouses that will do things for you and for your suits.



Honestly, Emily—you could have batted me down with an eyelash. Can you feature that creature's nerve! And after trying to shoplift my Pete!

But in she walks—big as life—and asks to borrow my new Joan Lord suit!

What d'ya mean—what did I tell her! I chirped that people just *didn't* loan out their Joan Lords—they guarded them like the family heirlooms! Think of it! I should take the suit off my back—to try to make a pip of that drip!

The suit? Oh, the suit. Why, it's a honey—all Joan Lord fashions are bait for the sugars. Haven't you heard? They've got as much zing as Bing!

P-s-s-t, Emily! Take a peek at the new Joan Lord fashions in your pet store. Suits, skirts, jackets and blouses—with more smart angles than your geometry book. Fashions that are **BUT DEFINITELY** news-making... fabrics that are zipped with quality. Always look for the Joan Lord label, for potent sportables that rise to shine!



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HAPPY DATES

(Continued from page 29)

his mouth that he vows he'll never make that mistake again. We don't mean you should jump up and down with enthusiasm as though it were Christmas, but do sound pleased by the invitation.

You may not know if you'll be allowed to accept, but you can get around that one gracefully, too. How about saying casually, "I'd love to, Jack, but I'd better check with Mother and Dad to see what their plans are. May I let you know tomorrow?" Or if you know your parents won't let you go to the Blankety-Blank Dancing Dive, say, "I'm sorry, but that's out of bounds in our family, and I've promised to obey this rule until I'm sixteen or twenty-one or something." You hope the boy will suggest something acceptable, but if he proves to be more interested in the Blankety-Black Dancing Dive than in you, well, you'll just have to chalk him off and wait for another date.

Usually the boy will give you some hint of what he has in mind so you will know how to dress. But if he doesn't commit himself, compromise by wearing a simple date dress, not so snazzy that he feels obliged to spend a lot of money just to keep up with your outfit, but then not so casual that you look as if you hadn't even bothered to change.

Come date time, do be ready. Whether or not you answer the door yourself depends on what is the most graceful thing to do under the immediate circumstances. But even if you aren't on the welcome mat, appear promptly to help put the poor lad at ease with your parents.

Introduce your date to any members of your family who happen to be present whom he hasn't already met, and give them a toe hold for conversation. "Mother, this is John Jones. I believe John's mother belongs to your bridge club." That gives your mother a chance to say, "Oh, yes. How is your mother, John?" and there they are talking and the awkward moment is passed.

Your next problem is to get the evening underway. Your date probably will be hesitant about breaking off the conversation with your family for fear of being rude, but you can get your coat. Or if you don't know whether he plans to take you out or just to stay and pay a call, you can give him an opening by asking what

he'd like to do, play cards, get some music on the radio, or just talk? That makes it easy for him to suggest a show or a walk or to take you up on one of your suggestions.

When it comes to what to talk about on a date, anything that interests you both will do—but note that "interests you both." That means don't talk about people your date doesn't know. Don't say anything that might remotely be considered catty about other girls. Boys feel pretty strongly about that. And don't tell what a super time you had with Bill last week or expect to have with Joe next week.

Good sportsmanship with the proper dressing of femininity is another ingredient of the charming date. Being a good sport means acting as if you're having a good time even when you're not. It also means being considerate of the pocketbook, not trying to wheedle John into taking you to the swankiest place in town just so you can say you've been there.

Being feminine means giving the guy every chance to be gallant, to open doors for you or help you with your coat. But being feminine doesn't mean you should appear so helpless you can't do anything for yourself, including walking unaided. If you've ever seen a young man writhe in embarrassment because some gal was hanging possessively on his arm, you'll know what we mean. That, or any other show of possessiveness, will make the young man gallop in the other direction. And if he doesn't make a move to open the door, open it yourself. Remember, you wouldn't want anyone to call attention to your boners.

When curfew time approaches, you don't have to say that your mother told you to be home by eleven! Say that you think you should be getting home. And if you don't want passes made at you, be businesslike about getting in the door when you reach it. Thank the lad sincerely for a good time—not gushily as if it were the only date you ever had—and say good night.

And will he come back? Well, if you've been fun to be with and made him feel as if he gave you a super time, we'll bet the last word on the evening will be, "Dear Diary, John and I had a marvelous time, and he's asked me out again next Saturday night!"

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"I Made 'Em, Myself!"



We gave Sue Eaton a copy of our sewing instruction sheets and enough Cohama rayon jersey for the suit and accessories. Look what happened!

Above—Here's a "bra" top that stays put and a tie-around diaper bathing suit that will flatter your figure.

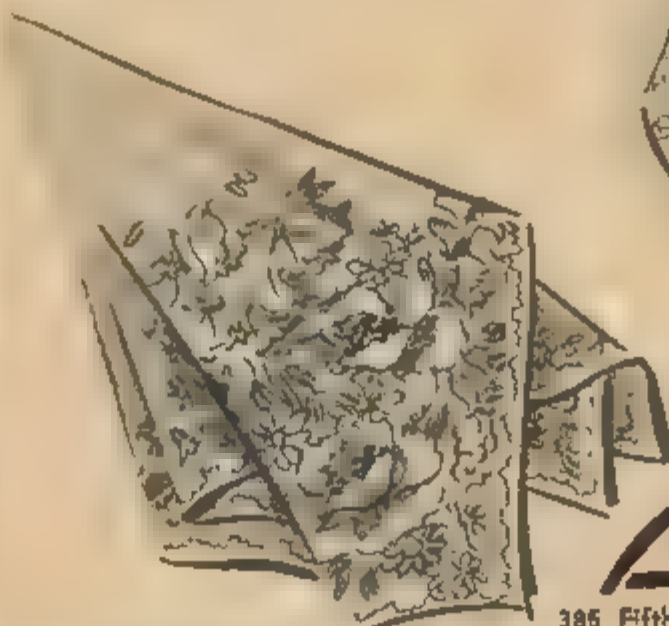
Below—Elastic-top ballet skirt, cut in a perfect circle, and a babushka of Cohama print rayon jersey will transform your suit into a costume.

For your free copy of Bathing Suit instructions, send large-size, stamped, self-addressed envelope to Needle Nudgers, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



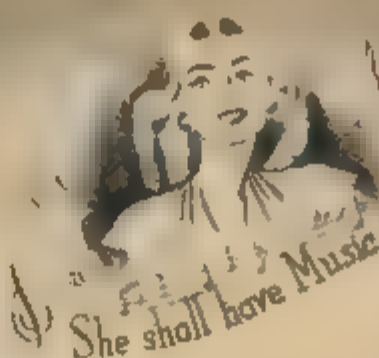
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Simplicity Sue



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Takes it easy



Just like you, our own Simplicity Sue needs lots of summer dresses, and, just like you, her eyes are bigger than her pocketbook. So she selects Simplicity Pattern 1594, 15¢, sizes 10 to 16—a dress that's so easy to make, you can run it up in a day; and, by adding a belt, she transforms it from a shapeless Mother Hubbard to a shapely summer date dress. Black patent belt on gingham; white plastic belt and headband set by Lapelle on dark rayon crepe. Obtain Simplicity Patterns from your local dealers or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



+



=



SUMMER EXPOSURE

(Continued from page 35)

de-fuzzing your legs and perhaps under your arms. If you have only a light, downy growth of hair, better let well enough alone. But if it is dark, coarse, or heavy, you probably feel that Something Must be Done. Shaving is about the easiest way to remove hair, but be sure that your razor work does not result in nicks and scrapes. Use a good blade and light strokes, and always finish by patting on a mild astringent skin tonic; dry gently and dust with powder. If you use a depilatory that erases or dissolves the hair, follow the manufacturer's directions to the letter.

You can't, and of course shouldn't, stop perspiration all over, but it's safe to do so under the arms. A good anti-perspirant will keep the armpits dry for a day or two. It'll prevent both odor and unsightly perspiration stains on your dresses. If you prefer, use a deodorant which neutralizes but does not stop perspiration. But then don't forget the importance of dress shields. Either an anti-perspirant or a deodorant is a must to keep you Socially Acceptable.

Need we mention that hose and underclothes should be tubbed as often as yourself? Stale perspiration is not only odorous, it is damaging to fabrics.

Perfumes of the light, flowery type are delightful in summer. You'll feel petal-fresh if you dash cologne or toilet water over your body after your bath, and follow it with a fluff of bath powder of matching scent. Bubble baths are luxurious in any season.

It's refreshing to pat cologne on your neck and wrists and in the bend of your elbows when you feel especially warm and sticky. Makes you smell delicious, too.

You pay plenty of attention to your manicure, summer or winter, but don't forget pedicures when you're going bare-toed. Bright polish is for fun, but first shape the toe nails properly (straight across and short) and smooth the edges with an emery board. Cuticle oil or cream rubbed in once in a while will keep cuticles soft and unobtrusive. Never cut the cuticle or you'll have rough ends to snag those precious nylons.

Expose yourself to smooth grooming and beauty benefits this vacation, and you'll look better this summer and start the autumn off in fine form, too.

Miss Corotteen says—



Carry your favorite pin-ups in these super locket pins ... each holds two. They're definitely "date time" material. Gold finished metal. About \$1.00 each plus federal tax at your favorite store.



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"Belt Vanity" — Combination belt and snap-on leather compact with gold lettering, plastic powder well, zipper, large mirror. Remove puff and sifter for a handy purse! Danger Red, Kelly Green, Suntan, Chestnut, Cocoa, Chocolate. Also saddle-stitched (without lettering). About \$4.98



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soda look good? Just a snack,
that is—you'll fill up at dinner with
meat and vegetables, bread and but-
ter, dessert and milk. Mom always
has a good meal for you, whether it's
breakfast, lunch, or dinner—and
there's always a cookie jar or snack
shelf you can raid to take care of the
in-between times.

But don't forget that Dutch Ka-
trina, Belgian Marie, Italian Lucia,
French Alouette, and German Elsa
don't have cookies or snacks—they
don't even have good nourishing
meals. (Their food, when they can
get it, is strictly rationed—and
there's far too little of it. Many men,
women, and children in Europe are
actually dying of starvation.) Yet
we here in America are eating better
than we have for a long time.

YOU can do a great deal to help
relieve starving Europe. The Nation-
al Emergency Food Collection has
set up headquarters in each com-
munity to receive donations of staple
canned foods and money.

1. Volunteers are needed to col-
lect the food and box it for overseas
shipment. You can help here, either
as an individual or through your
Camp Fire Girls or Girl Scout group
or through some other club or civic
organization to which you belong.

2. Money for food is being col-
lected through your local Emergency
Food Collection headquarters. Can-
vass your community for contribu-
tions—and give all you can.

There's another important way you
can help win the battle for food for
Europe. Much food is wasted in our
homes. You can appoint yourself a
committee of one to see that every
scrap on your plate is eaten—that
you **DON'T WASTE FOOD.**

FRUIT SURPRISES

(Continued from page 33)

to serve. Wash it, lay it on its
side on a board, and cut straight
through it about a third of the
way down from the leaves. Then
hollow out a nest for the fruit
cup in the meat of the pine-
apple itself. A small, sharp par-
ing knife will do the job. Then hol-
low out the cover in the same way.
Altogether, take out enough meat
to leave room for an average serv-
ing—about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. For the fruit
cup you can use any combina-
tion that appeals to you from
what you find in the market,
and include some of the pine-
apple you scooped out. For each
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup use 1 teaspoon to $1\frac{1}{2}$ tea-
spoons of sugar, depending on
how sweet the fruit itself is. Fill
the pineapple cases, put the covers
on, and chill in the refrigerator
for at least two hours.

If you prefer, you can substitute
melon for pineapple. In that case,
use $\frac{1}{2}$ melon shell (a smaller sec-
tion, if it's a large melon) instead
of the pineapple cup, and about $\frac{1}{2}$
cup scooped-out melon in the fruit
mixture. And you usually don't
need sugar to sweeten melon.

To turn either of these cocktails
into a salad, leave out the sugar
and add about 1 tablespoon of
French dressing for each fruit cup.

Stuffed Peaches

Another surprise job. Choose
a plump freestone peach for each
serving and take off its skin. If
it won't peel easily, pour boiling
water over it for a minute, then
plunge it in cold water. That
should free the skin. When it is
peeled, rub it with lemon juice to
keep it from turning brown. Then
cut a slice off the top about a third
of the way down and fish out the
pit, being careful not to split the
peach in the process. Now put in
the stuffing—raspberry jam, may-
be 1 tablespoonful, depending on
the size of the pit—put back the
piece you sliced off the top, and
stand the peach in the bowl or
dessert dish you plan to serve it in.
Cut a thin slice off the bottom if
it wobbles. Pour over it cream
you have whipped to about the
consistency of boiled custard, and
then top it all with a sprinkling
of chopped almonds. Whee!

More? Lush fruit jobs including the
national favorite, banana split? The
tricks that go to make them pretty
as well as palatable? Send a stamped
self-addressed envelope for the leaf-
let, *Fun with Fruit*, to Junior House-
keeping Department 30, CALLING ALL
GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New
York 17, N. Y.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 40)

in this girl which she dislikes or
fears? Merlina should be able to
tell Betty that her mother objects
to smoking; her friend will un-
derstand, for she must know that
people disagree about if, when,
where, and how often young peo-
ple should smoke. Other causes
of irritation can be discussed be-
tween Merlina and her mother and
Merlina and her friend. One need
not deny undesirable qualities in
oneself or one's chums. Nor is
there any reason to ignore or for-
get admirable qualities and com-
mon interests. Other people can
have different ideas, for a variety
of reasons, without being better or
worse than ourselves. Merlina
and her mother could discuss both
her mother's anxieties and Mer-
lina's wish to help, but not to of-
fend, her friend.

We don't know how old Betty is,
but perhaps her parents think she
is old enough to smoke, provided
she knows when and where smok-
ing is in place. On the other hand,
the girl may smoke to show off,
to seem sophisticated, or to make

it appear she's "been around."
Whatever the case may be, friends
can often help one another think
such matters through honestly
and arrive at a common-sense way
of behaving. Girls want to safe-
guard health as well as reputa-
tion. Merlina does want to be fair,
loyal, and understanding, even
though she herself cannot always
adopt the standards or customs of
friends and acquaintances.

AIRING problems usually
brings comfort and prac-
tical suggestions. Won't you
write and tell Alice Barr Gray-
son what's on your mind? If
you sign your complete name
and address (they won't be
printed), and state your age,
a personal reply will be sent
you—unless, of course, your
problem or one just like yours
is answered in this department.
Write to Mrs. Grayson, *Call-
ing All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt
Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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STRAIGHT TO GOOD TENNIS

(Continued from page 28)

been if it were around the handle. (But this grip should not be used on a forehand drive!) I also discovered that if I carried the racket back on a line with the flight of the ball, or slightly below this level, hit it on a fairly straight line, and followed through as if I were throwing the racket head after the ball, I was not only accurate—I was hitting with considerable power. I used to practice this stroke before the mirror until it became almost automatic.

But I didn't stop with that. I spent eight months doing nothing but hit balls—an apple box full of them—to every possible position in the court. At first I didn't come anywhere near the placement for which I was aiming. But before the eight months were over, I could hit a handkerchief placed anywhere on the court. As a result, I could always rely on my backhand during twenty years of championship tournament tennis.

What about your service? The most power with the least effort is what you want in your service. You may think the grip for the service is strange, but you'll find that it's universally used by all players with powerful, accurate serves.

Hold your racket so that your thumb is across the wide surface of the handle, parallel with the racket strings. Spread your fingers slightly. Now for your feet. Your left foot should be two or three inches behind the baseline and at a 45-degree angle to the net. Your right foot about a pace behind the left, almost parallel with the net. Stand with your body sideways to the net and your shoulders facing the direction in which you are going to serve. Ready? Hold the balls and racket just in front of your waist on the left side.

Now the important thing is to throw the ball up on a line with the left toe, so that you will be able to hit it with a fully extended arm. Throw your weight into the shot as you serve. As you throw the ball up, do two things:

1. Drop your right arm until it is fully extended behind your right leg and your weight moves on to the back foot. Your left knee bends as your body turns to the right to make the shift easier.

2. Bring your right arm up in a semi-circular motion to a position behind your head. Your forearm is parallel to the ground,

your body bent backward to ease the motion of the arm and give you a good starting point from which to throw your weight into the shot. Again, without a break in the rhythm, the forward motion begins and your body turns back toward the left. You raise yourself on your left toe as you "throw" your arm and racket at the ball, so that, with your arm fully extended, you're hitting the ball at the highest possible point. That's to give you the chance to strike the ball down into your opponent's court with considerable force, clear the net, and keep the ball within the service court.

The follow-through of the service is simply swinging the racket down and to the left after the ball is hit, with the head of the racket pointing to the ground.

I can't give you any better advice than to practice this stroke, without the ball, in front of a mirror. Try it with an easy and relaxed swing, first fast, then slow, until the rhythm and form of the stroke become natural. Just a word of caution—don't get too close to that mirror!

Not too difficult, are they—these basic strokes? If you watch tennis games closely, you'll be able to recognize them. The trimmings and variations you'll pick up in time, after you've mastered the fundamentals.

Now one last rule that may sound silly to you: *Watch the ball!* Some of the best tournament players have lost matches because they were looking at the bystanders, the opponent, the racket—but not at the ball.

If you want to be a really good tennis player, learn the *correct* strokes, no matter how boring the endless practice seems to be. You'll be glad you stuck with it when you're up against real competition on the courts. Don't worry about winning if it means you sacrifice the stroke to placement of the ball. Hit the ball over the fence or into the net if you must. It doesn't matter at first *where* you place it—it's only important *how* you hit it.

Easy? No, but keep working at it. And one fine day the right way to make those shots will be the only way, as far as you're concerned. And you'll find that you have a game that can stand up under any pressure and win matches as long as you have the stamina and the will to win.



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FROM YOU TO US

(Continued from page 4)

interesting and educational.

R. A., Nederland, Tex.

Movietiquette?

I wholeheartedly agree with G. M. in the April issue that the small children make more noise than teen-agers. I will admit that we do make a considerable amount of noise at a movie, but the small children make even more.

M. M., Cleveland, Ohio

Our opinion is that it is the teen-agers who make all the commotion in the movies. Why don't they stay at home and let the people in the show enjoy the picture?

*E. S. and C. S.,
Kansas City, Mo.*

I am one of those "brats" G. M. writes about, and we do not make more noise in the movies. When she put the blame on us, I had to write to you.

M. E., Philadelphia, Pa.

We help out

I am a Dutch girl who lives on the Dutch Island Curaçao in the Caribbean. I was born here, but have been to Holland twice.

I have been reading your magazine since you started publishing it. I have always liked it very much and enjoy each page. It's also a way for me to learn good English. I don't know very much English as yet.

*S. T., Bullenbaai,
Curaçao, D.W.I.*

Taking no chances

I have to practically make a daily canvass of our newsstand so I won't miss the next copy of CALLING ALL GIRLS. It's hard to do—so seeing the special order blank in my new book, I decided to get one by subscription.

I like it loads, find it very interesting and helpful. I am now eighteen years old, but do not feel that I have outgrown reading CAG. My sister who is fifteen years old enjoys it also. . . . Our old magazines do not lie around idle. My sister writes to a couple of English girls, so we send them overseas to her friends.

K. B., Findlay, Ohio

Calling all pin-up girls

I have been reading your magazine which I have sent to me from my girl cousins who live in London. They receive it from friends they have in Michigan. CAG is an excellent magazine and makes jolly fine reading. I am afraid I am unable to save the magazines to have them bound because as soon as I unwrap them, the other fellows all make a dive to give those models that you publish a good looking over. Then the fellows cut the pictures out for pin-ups. If I happen to miss getting the magazine one month, they are all around me, asking for it until it finally arrives. Then boy, oh boy, they get lost in those stories as if they had never seen a magazine before. It is surprising how the fellows in the British Army simply go into a flat spin if they can get hold of a woman's magazine. The ones they publish over here are for grown-up women, and to get hold of a magazine which deals with subjects for girls close to our own age is quite a novelty. I am nineteen.

R. C., Yarmouth, England

We don't blame you

May I ask S. C. of Berkeley, Calif. (April issue) what's so bad about red hair? She states that it's a "fate worse than death." I have red hair myself and I wouldn't trade it for any other hair on earth!

P. D., Hawthorne, Fla.

JACQUARD SWEATER DESIGN CONTEST WINNERS

SO you want to know if you're one of the National Winners of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Jacquard Sweater Design Contest—and you can't wait for the August issue to find out? Well, we won't keep you in suspense all summer—so, here are the five National Prize Winners. (We only planned on four—but the designs were all so wonderful, we just had to add the fifth.) Out of the more than 40,000 teen-agers who entered the contest conducted by Official Headquarters Stores in 145 cities, designs submitted by these were voted the best by a board of fashion experts in New York, and were awarded \$25 each by CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Jane Overlay, Brewerton, N. Y.
Joyce Webb, 215 Evaleen Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
Darlene Erickson, 115 Clark St., Des Moines, Iowa
Joan Claire Ciochino, 719 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J.
Mary Lou Johnston, Rt. 5, Box 40R, Orlando, Fla.

Watch for the Prize-Winning Sweaters, designed by Teens for Teens, in the August CALLING ALL GIRLS and in the teen departments of your Official Headquarters Store, listed on page 66.

WILDE TRIUMPH

(Continued from page 11)

staged "Romeo and Juliet" in New York. It also carried him to Hollywood for rehearsals of the play, and while he was there, he was signed up by one of the major studios.

Cornel is of Hungarian parentage, speaks half a dozen languages, is a sun worshiper, loves surfing, fishing, diving, singing, and has a weakness for thick, rare steaks and for pastry. His spare time goes to playwriting, and the New York Theatre Guild has produced 150 of his playlets.

Patricia Knight, whom Cornel met when she was sixteen and a

model in New York, and whom he married the following year, is more than a little responsible for the present Wilde success. She wouldn't let Cornel give up, no matter how flat the family purse was, no matter how often shortsighted studio officials decided he was too young, too dark, had "too much personality," or just wasn't the type! Today Pat herself has a contract with 20th Century-Fox (Cornel wrote her screen test and played opposite her in it) and the Wilde fortunes are definitely on the upgrade.

"A Song to Remember" with

Cornel playing Chopin (and the "Polonaise," remember?) started the wave of Wilde enthusiasm. Then came "A Thousand and One Nights" and "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest" for Columbia Pictures, and "Leave Her to Heaven" for 20th Century-Fox. You'll see him next in "Centennial Summer," and after that, it's rumored he'll star in "Forever Amber." Someday Cornel wants to make a picture in which he co-stars with his wife, the gal who never let him down when he was down, and his choice for the one with whom he'd most like to be on top of the world!

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CAG 51

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BOY MEETS GIRL ON OUR FRONT COVER



THE girl is 17-year-old Powers model Bette Mills of East Orange, N. J. The boy is 19-year-old Eugene McBride, the Walter Thornton model who made such a hit with you in that ski suit photograph in the January *Calling All Girls*. They met, for the first time, at William Ward's photography studio in New York when our front cover Kodachrome was shot. They're wearing T-Mates Tee

Shirts and beloved jeans. They're "Saying It with Jewelry," as featured on pages 12, 13, 14, and 15 of this issue. Heart pin and bracelet by Coro.

Bette's favorite sports are riding and swimming. She picks Gene Tierney and Gregory Peck as her reel-life favorites. Tommy Dorsey's music sends her. On our front cover, she's wearing Dermetics Red Earth lipstick, perfect foil for her summer tan.

Eugene was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Swimming and football are his pet sports, and for a hobby he builds little boats in bottles, possibly a carry-over from his two years in the Navy. He hopes to be in movies, so watch out for him.

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Here Jackie shows you a gay hair-do you can try after your Drene shampoo. No other shampoo leaves your hair so silken soft, yet so easy to manage. "Hold your front hair back with a butterfly bow," says Jackie. "Comb back hair into several spiral curls."

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